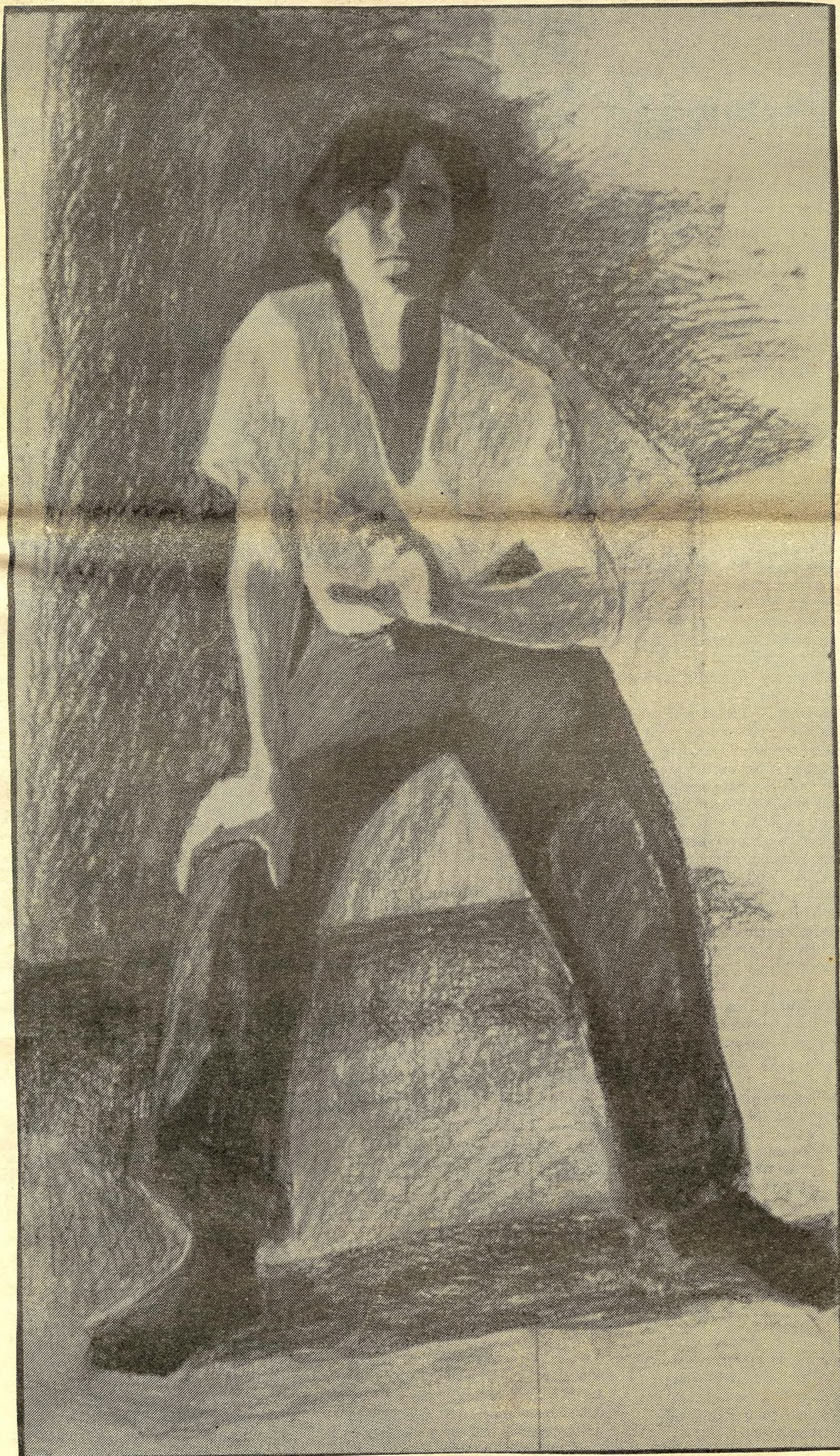


PERKINS PRESS



FALL 1993

NUMBER 10



JOEL STANLEY

ERIC THE RAT

RENROT

TOM MAHNKEN

JOEL PAXTON

SAD SEATTLE

TRIBE 8

JALEPENNO HEAD

OPTIMIST
INTERVIEWED

NO ADS

FINAL EDITION
SCANDAL

MORE DEAD
TREES

SHAMELESS
TEE SHIRTS

cover by Liz Carney



An absurd romanticism

permeates the futility, nullifies it and quick spurts of desperation follow me about like drops of sunshine, but I pull back before the blow and we both stumble away, mystified and sad, until the next time.

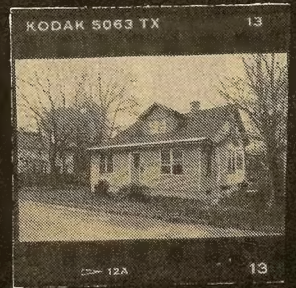
I doubt that's the reason I scratch my legs so furiously every night, just short of bloody fingernails.

But it may have something to do with why I was sitting alone in a dirty garden one summer evening reading the Sunday Times a few days late. On the cover was a picture of a boy having his head sawn off, his face all bewildered shock and horror. A group of uniformed men smiled for the camera, even the executioner managed a gruesome little grin as he worked. Beneath the photo was a story about how unpleasant foreigners tend to be.

What I really want to say is something about a girl, always about a girl. About coming over the crest of Lake Tahoe and seeing the sun and the Pacific after days of gas stations and deserts and strange little industrial towns where truckers called you faggot to your face.

I was twenty five then, on a mission of . . . well it hardly matters now: the final issue of the press awaits your absurd and bloody consideration, your gruesome little grins and vicious disappointment. Say it to my face. Right there. Go baby go, like a metaphor that the thesaurus forgot.

E editing and Publishing by Will Georgiades



"This project is supported, in part, by funding from the Arts Lottery Program of the Massachusetts Cultural Council, as administered by the Northampton Arts Council."

HOO HOO

Liz Carney teaches and studies art at Smith. Her cover for this issue is about six feet tall and was most recently seen at the Arts Council in Provincetown. **Will Georgiades** is a muckraking pseudo-journalist who started his own paper for a number of reasons depending on his mood. He extends his gratitude to all who have appeared in this listing over the last ten issues. **Chris Weelander's** next story will be on Dr. Gene Scott, until which time she intends to spend her precious moments on this earth figuring it all out. **Don Ogden** lives in some hills nearby and has a disarming habit of sending in a story three days before press time. Having never actually met, and considering PP's occasional publication dates, this is curious. **Crispin Mathiu** takes nature photos, makes cartoons and seems to be an all around renaissance kind of guy.

Carlo Valone runs a deli in Northampton, has passionate political views that do not bend with fashion, and his regular column NOTES FROM THE FRINGE is one of few reasons Perkins Press has continued.

Ben Green works at the British Museum in the Egyptian Room, tends towards handsome and takes photos.

Joel Stanley is a loud voice of reason in a churning valley, often spurned by his compatriots, always doing something interesting. He says: "Long after I and Perkins Press go with a bang over the sunset . . . you will know a genius walked among you!" He does not specify with that singular "genius", modest man.

Tatiana Bertsch hails from Lon Gisland, NY, by way of the Ukraine. She says 'whatever' a lot, attends Smith College and works the late shift at Jakes.

Vicky Rubin recently had a show of Joel Stanley portraits at the Haymarket Cafe and has since moved to New York.

Joel Douek works at the United Nations, grew up in London, lived in Paris and Florence and met PP in a cafe in the South of France wearing a Giorgio Armani undershirt, little else, as he flicked ice cream at a beautiful woman and sucked on a gin and tonic.

Antinomia is an enigma, a veritable cause celebre (with accents) printed out of a sense of social irresponsibility. **Jerome Arthuis** lives in France and

takes photos in catacombs.

Andre Busi has done all the graphics for the Press: did them all over two years ago, and his work continues to get recycled with no credit. Banner heads mastheads, maps; they're all his. The comic was originally printed in the Collegian, seemed nostalgically topical. **Vito Pilini** wants to be called that. He lives in San Francisco now, used to do Marvin the Maggot for PP, played with local band sex kitchen, and recently got fired from his job in a restaurant as he got caught eating company food, for six months, on a surveillance camera. He also played silly football, has two big paintings in the Good Thyme Deli, and is missed by the Valley.

That **Matt Kristek** is a few years from teenagerdom is always beside the point: his cartoons are remarkably astute by any standards and PP is honored, as with all contributors, to have been witness to the remarkable beginnings of this wonderful young man.

Jessica Willis' "stories are sometimes in Perkins Press. Past contributions include "Glassworks" and "Rolls Royce". She resides in Murray Hill and sometimes performs at the Gargoyl on Sundays. She can also be heard reading her short fiction late-night in Manhattan. "miles" is chapter two in Peepland, Willis' new collection of short stories.

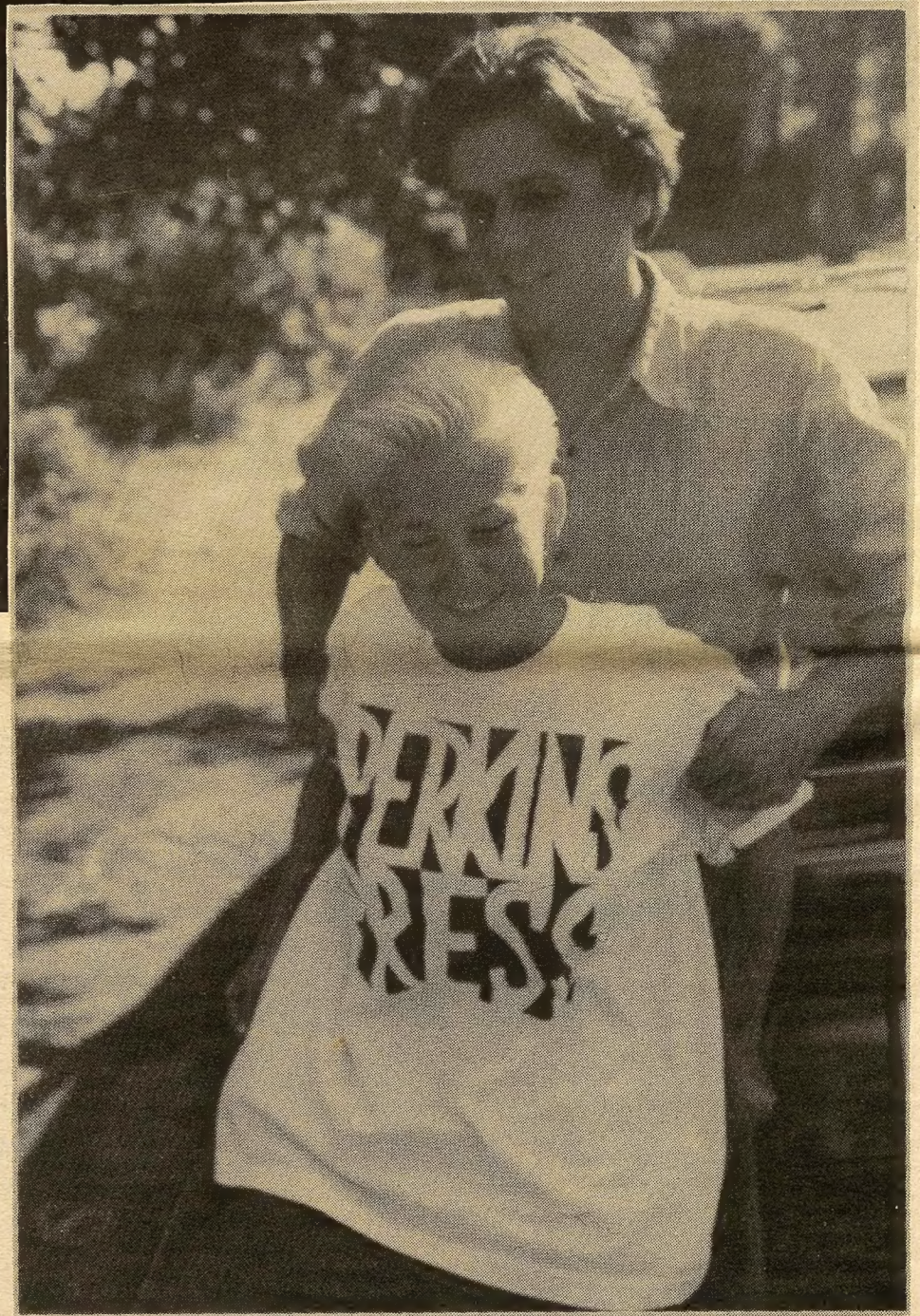
Renrut had a strip in an old issue of PP that wound up in Z Magazine the following month. Always nervous to ask for his work, always grateful on receipt.

Paul Abbott is a nice young man involved in the book trade who was kind enough to share his most recent tender thoughts with us.

Aric Harkins lives near State St. Fruit Store, happy seeming young man about town, currently hoping to do a mural on the Pulaski Park side of the Academy of Music. Cartoonist extraordinaire, generously gives us oodles of his outpourings.

Joel Paxton is with Hair Volume, laundromat, does wood cuts and nature excursions.

Steve K Feldman met PP in a writers group and manages to be wistful and biting at the same time. Sadly his PP intro comes with our exit, it is hoped that other local publications will recognize and feed the Hadley natives' talent.



THE KING IS DEAD: LONG LIVE THE TEE SHIRT. PERKINS PRESS may be as dead as Elvis (occasional re-sightings, rumors, myths) but the pop culture artifacts live on: \$5.00 sent to PP, 13 PERKINS AVE., NORTHAMPTON, MA and you're clothed.

Corwin Erixon works on zines in Boston, having torn around the Valley on a Harley some years ago. Famed for many things, trusted due to his association with David Lenson. **Mao Zedong** is not a good poet. **Laura Cook** is however, though nothing else is known about her. **Eric Wallgreen** has a liberal way with spelling and has a lot to say for himself: "I Eric-the-rat bio-grafically am an early-old age 54 hippie-rad, mellow-tending iconoclast. Vocashunally, a jack of all trades with JD and epicurian subsistence-farmer. Avocashunally, an artist, publicist, and poetic sexologist. And amusingly, a costume clown, dervish dancer, sauna freak and

masterbater."

Heather Lewis takes photos of Tom Mahnken, among other things.

Jean Shelby is the tentative love of PP's life, stoking the digestive fires with kind words and useful recipes. Characteristics include tremendous agility with softballs, a writing style the other side of professionalism, a wonder in the kitchen, and a large and generous heart. **Bob** eats Jean Shelby's food.

Jeff O'Connor travels extensively, takes photos and will be attending UMass this fall with your editor.

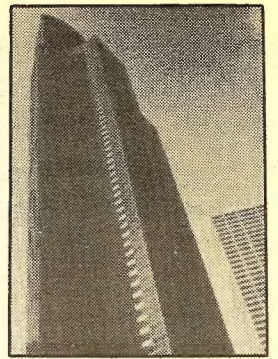
Deb Donnelley takes photos, has shows, and has given PP much kindness.



Clueless in Seattle

Ten Reasons to reconsider staying in your own yard instead of skipping off to the Emerald City

By Chris Welander



The Columbia Center:
Hell on wheels.

Let me just say that I like hearing about the latest news in Seattle just as much as I like stabbing forks in a toaster. Even after four years here, there isn't one week that goes by that a new acquaintance won't be flabbergasted to know that I actually grew up in the Northwest. "What????!! You're from Seeee-at-toll? (Gum pop.) You kinda went the wrong direction didn'tcha? (Shoulder punch) That's supposed to be the hip place to move to!" (Snort)

One thing New England has taught me is tolerance anyway. Now I can answer people without permanently losing my eyes to the back of my head: "Yea, well everyone moving there gives me a good reason to stay here doesn't it?" (Snort)

Don't get me wrong. I loved my city. Years ago, I too, wandered bored and aimless in my Buster Browns and geeky, yellow overalls contemplating the affairs of the world. I awwed at the sight of Mt. Rainier, the fried fish and hippies flying their kites at the local industrial park.

But about the time I thought I'd be sick of it all, something happened that made me feel like my dog had died. It started with a contest to find a nickname for Seattle. The poof! I became helplessly sidelined by a city full of tourism cheerleaders. Welcome to Seattle a la mass marketing: The Emerald City. The godland of something called the alternative music scene. Where the gooeyduck clam became the state bird and "Louie Louie" was pitched for the state song. Suddenly in every magazine in the country this fair city became a land of shiny cherub faces, where everyone has a job that they never have to go to and people drank espresso while snuggling under their umbrellas. A land where Tom Robbins, Matt Groening and Nirvana all shopped at Pike Place Market for fresh salmon and dill. A land where even the Space Needle gets an AIDS test.

Seattle, a skid row town that began years ago as a small outpost to the fishermen and miners on their way to Alaska, had become victim to a new kind of gold digging bum. But instead of Native Americans being doormats to prospectors, it is now the entire country that is being swept up in the tourist welcome mat. Tight fitted, cellular phone using journalists and tourist promoters with dollar signs in their eyes are just licking their wolfish chops as they promise unhappy eastern urban dwellers a glittering new life of livability, music, diversity and low crime.

But beware little lambskins! It is only fool's gold here. You may be espresso starved. You may want to wear those Doc Martens without getting pained looks from Birkenstock wearers. You may be longing to utter the word "grunge" in a mantra somewhere else than in your Honda Civic. But not everyone in Seattle has pert noses like Bridgette Fonda.

You need to be lulled out of your dreams of seaplanes and perky brunettes. It's time to fight the crowds of apathetic people running out of their hometowns because of pollution, urban blight and just plain bad manners.

Put down that guidebook, rip off that band-aid and see for yourself the scars that lie on the underside of belly of this city. Here for the first time, are 10 reasons to put off your trek to the Northwest and savor instead, in autumn foliage, openly gay legislators, Jonathan Richman and strong coffee at the Blue Bonnet.

1. It rains all the time.

The myth that it rains all the time in Seattle was actually cultivated by gardeners in the Emerald City who became ir-

ritated when small Los Angeles born dogs began digging up their Rhododendron buses. In reality, Seattle gets less rainfall than New England. But that doesn't mean the weather is exactly satisfying. Unlike the rainstorms of the New England that drench you better than Bridget Bardoux on the beach, Seattle's rain is strictly a G-rating. At best like a mosquito infestation on the African Queen - lots of cold, meaningless drizzle.

And like the limpness of everything else in town, Seattle's summers have all the sexual prowess of cold sea plankton. Summers have a few weeks of 80 degrees AT THE MOST. And remember those stories of turkeys who look up at the sky and drown when it's raining because they forget to close their mouths? Winters are like that for some Seattle-ites, (what the natives call themselves) particularly frat boys, who gape and squint whenever the sun comes out and then run in to put on their shorts. Many-a-brother have been called victim to frost bite and have



Mike McCready from bra-snapping geek, to Bob Dylan tribute nightmare.

even been found popticalized in the neighboring lakes.

2. 'Grunge' originated here.

Isn't that just the most annoying word? And what the hell does it mean anyway? Strange as it may seem, I remember first using the word myself when I was living with members of Mudhoney, Soundgarden and other odd assortments of what is now called "the alternative music scene" (though we just called it cheap rent then). Grunge, I believe was first used by us to describe our bathroom, particularly the tub, which these slobbers never seemed to see needed cleaning except with an occasional beer shampoo. My guess is that some SubPop yahoo probably overheard the lead singer drunkenly stumble over the house chore list in between sets and mistook it for a secret "cool" word.

This brings me to the very persuasive myth, that is a subcategory of #2:

3. People in Seattle are cool

Cold yes. Cool no. Take my high school classmate, Michael McCready (see picture). At one time, this guy (now superstar rock idol of Pearl Jam), was my Home Economics partner, who along with geek extraordinaire, Robert Webber, spent class time snapping training bras and writing Van Halen lyrics on their PeeChees.

Mike was a superstar GOOBER in high school. He smoked so much pot it stunted his growth, he snickered like Beevus, before it was "cool" to snicker like Beevus, and had a vocabulary of two: "alrighta!" and "huh?" He

might be somebody's teen idol now, but he was more like a hybrid of Andy Griffith and PuppyChow to the rest of the class. I also went to school with a rock idol of "Guns and Roses." Which means perhaps a plethora of talent in my hometown? No. More like an incredible ability of the music industry to promote irritating brats you had hoped would become frozen frat boys someday.

4. Pure environment, pristine lakes and mountains

This sadly enough, was true at one time. I can remember looking out of my apartment window and seeing Mt. Rainier looming behind the city skyline. Symbol of our state, our heritage and our beer—Rainier. It made us proud enough to put the mountain on one of our cherished American traditions, the license plate. Never mind that the person designed it with an

lingford and Ballard, the south section is simply called "the south end." Unless you come from the white trash section which is quaintly called "the north end."

And pay no attention to Mr. Wizard behind the Columbia Center - Selig. Just continue reading that glossy business article in the complimentary magazine in the front pocket on your airline. Selig, some homeowners will vaguely remember, promised low income housing and health care to the rising homeless population in exchange for breaking a zoning permit to put up 103 floor Dallas-type contraption. Unfortunately, those sleeping in cardboard boxes in front of Nordstroms Department Store, and Martin, have a different idea of low income. Selig thought it meant those who couldn't afford the parking rates, not those without any money at all.

6. Neato Bike Trails and stuff

No. Try streakers. Rapists. Wobbly kids on training wheels. Rollerblades. Cars that won't yield. Baseball bat bearing muggers who string wire at neck level to dismount you and steal your bike. And fast moving obnoxious commuter bikers that you secretly pray will someday go through such a cheese slicer.

7. Good job market

Only if you're into the Pacific Rim drug trade or plan to be a tester for the Hanford Nuclear Power Plant. Plan to spend your savings unless you can handle flinging pizza again. And don't expect to be happy to eat at work either, the pizza in this town is notoriously bad. Don't fret though honey, there's always work in that nebulous world of "customer service" or holding a clipboard and asking strangers "pertinent environmental questions" you really could care less about.

8. Good coffee

Granted, Northampton makes some pretty bad coffee, especially in the here-to-unnamed NEW coffee chain that seem to think we are actually used to 500 percent markups on espresso. But hey, it's not worth moving away for. Seattle, does have espresso: Espresso carts, drive-throughs, wholesale, retail and bulk. Heck even McDonalds and Burger King has espresso. It's the true reason people are "Sleepless in Seattle." People walk around like Don Knotts wired from the stuff just hoping the tremors they feel are from the coffee.

(Sigh) I remember when Starbucks coffee was just one little store, kind of like State Street but not as many grumpy workers. My mom in the 70s knew the owner of Starbucks that was then located in a little Potpourri type mall called University Village. I got hunks of imported chocolate, and my mom made me proud by freaking out all the tranquilizer-laden mothers on my block, by zinging around with a huge caffeine buzz. While everyone else was bedridden with cold compresses and waving their kids outside, my mom decided to paint the house, start a business and petition the federal government for freedom in Latvia long before it was a "cool" or "grungey."

To us, Starbucks was more than just a naked mermaid logo and a big advertising budget. More than just "House blend" or "Columbian." It was a way of life, a way to get up in the morning. But no more. Starbucks is the Roy Rogers of coffee these days. Weak tasting, cancer causing liquid ... with a 500 percent mark up.

9. Architecture that is Earthquake Proof

Seattle used to tout its many innovations, like putting the Columbia center on wheels so it would simply rock back and forth during an earthquake. But unfortunately, city engineers have more problems keeping things up when the ground is still.

One of the more celebrated innovations was one of the world's first floating bridges. It connected the main city with BMW and Christain infested suburbs surrounding Lake Washington called Bellevue. It was to be an engineering miracle.

All except the architects for some reason didn't think to make the pontoons that the cement bridge rested on WATERPROOF. Instead they thought it would be "cool", to drill holes in them. Under normal conditions, they said, it would pose no problems. Two years ago, we got a normal condition, a rainstorm, and the goddamn thing sank.

In another case, the University of Washington decided to expand the seating section of its college football stadium - for the jewelry and cash laden alumni. But here again the nearly finished stadium relented and crashed to the ground in a gleeful triumph for local engineers. Unfortunately, the University, normally supportive of local innovations (i.e. bridge contracting), didn't take kindly to a local photographer who caught the crash with his fast shutter camera and tried marketing postcards at the college bookstore.

But the best "I-managed-to-find-a-job-after-college" story by far, involved the engineers who decided that it was time to invest in a new bus tunnel to help alleviate some of the area's transportation problems. You think the Boston Tunnel is bad. Millions of cars and dollars were rerouted in this two year project. Persistence paid off however. The tunnel was completed despite the loss of a construction worker whose body fell in the cement muck and remains there today. (The wife sued and did get his arm back.) Then there was the several tons of Italian marble that was imported at an ungodly expense only to be sent back to Europe after it was revealed it was actually from the politically unpalatable South Africa.

Bad enough okay? But the engineers crimsoned again when the commuter train, the Monorail, (mostly used for tourists) was found to be clipping the side of the new shopping mall accompanying the tunnel because it was built a few inches too close. The project was stalled and the train was moved.

10. High sports interest

Interest from everyone except people living in Seattle. The Japanese, for example, have more of an interest in the Mariners than American do, and have the money to prove it. Everyone seemed equally unphased when it was revealed that the popular U.W. football coach had been taking kickbacks and free cars from the University President's friends. (Everyone in Seattle HAS to have a Beemer right?) And take it from me, it is by far better to see a bad Seahawks game in the acoustically inferior Kingdome than a great rock concert any day. Though more people attend the local paper airplane throwing contest (where by the way, you can win a new BMW if you fly an airplane through the sunroof) than their pro-football games.

Still thinking that the astroturf is greener in Kingdome than the dead grass at UMass? Don't say I didn't warn you and remember to check into those cracks in the sidewalk. Not all of it is because of bad engineering.

THE NEED TO ALLOW

DON OGDEN,
PERKINS PRESS
Mid-Connecticut
River
Bio-Region
correspondent, on
trees and life.

The collage de la Xerox speaks for itself (tree dies of human "progress"), but could do with a qualifier or two.

1. Humans who subject themselves to cities need all the green dwellers they can find. This lacking makes the loss of one such dweller all the more dramatic to some. Often, many will rise up to defend one tree. In this "progressive" New England college town the machine came in at 5 a.m. in order to preempt the late rising city folk from acting out. The city fathers, doing the classic villain, knew the power of the tree upon the people and sought, successfully, to out maneuver the warriors.

2. Soon there was a stump that received gifts of grief. Then there was newly poured concrete and a twelve foot lane. Soon thereafter the newly poured concrete bore this message lifted off the sidewalk with hard rubbing crayon onto rice paper and thence into the copying machine and onto the collage so that you can carry it far beyond its home as you go forth. It does live.

Photo by Crispin Mathieu



350 residents sign petition to save tree

By ANNE HADDAD
Gazette Staff

NORTHAMPTON — An 80-year-old silver maple tree the city wants to cut down to make way for a wider Masonic Street drawn an outpouring of protest through a pe-

"What we're trying to do there with the road improvements is to get two 12-foot travel lanes and an area for parking," McNulty said. "We don't like to take down a healthy tree, but we need to allow for parking and travel lanes," he said. "If the board decide to cut the tree down, we'll have to replace it."

City will cut down Masonic Street tree

By BRENDA ELIAS
Gazette Staff

NORTHAMPTON — The city will cut down a silver maple tree on Masonic Street after a committee decided that it might not survive needed road work. The Masonic Street Silver Maple Tree Committee recommended today to Mayor David B. Musante Jr. that the tree, at 70

years old, be cut down. The committee, which has been working for it, said the tree is a "bullet" for it. Musante Jr. said the city will have to pay \$10,000 to replace the tree. The committee also proposed to "adopt" a tree and care for it. The city will have to pay for the tree's roots to be under the road. The committee also proposed to "adopt" a tree and care for it. The city will have to pay for the tree's roots to be under the road.



A tree takeover

Woman climbs silver maple to spare it the axe

By [Name] [Address]
NORTHAMPTON — The 42-hour "occupation" of a silver maple tree on Masonic Street ended this morning. The woman, who was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct, was taken to the Northampton Police House. The woman, who was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct, was taken to the Northampton Police House.

Matt Kristek's 'FUZZBALL' continues in the center spread



PERKINS PRESS

Lick it
Stamp it
Send it

13 Perkins Ave., Northampton, MA 01060

Notes from the Fringe

by Carlo Valone

So we've won the cold war. Setting aside the fact that the Cold War was a massive hoax perpetrated by Western Capitalism and their religious, educational and media allies (so that they could continue to dominate our minds and bodies), what did winning the Cold War mean for the average human being?

For those in the industrialized west who labor for a living, Cold War participation has meant a steady decline in the standard of living. The most cursory comparison of those countries that bought into the myth most enthusiastically to those that rendered only token participation (e.g. the U.S., Great Britain and South Africa compared to Holland, Sweden and Canada) shows quite clearly what the economic loss was. Workers in the latter groups have enjoyed greater benefits such as universal health care, shorter work weeks, longer vacations, better education and good public transportation. Workers in the cold warrior states saw a steady decline in these areas. This decline was deliberate, well thought out, and carefully executed. Simultaneously we endowed capitalists by accumulating the largest national debt the world has ever seen. This would not be so bad if we had not squandered all the money on useless weapons of destruction and needless imperial ventures.

For those in the Third World the costs are too depressing to discuss.

The modern version of the war of capital on labor was launched during the Truman administration; and make

no mistake this was ongoing class warfare. The attack on unions and social programs, that had its modern genesis after World War I, and the nightmare vision that the early years of the Russian Revolution conjured in the minds of die hard capitalists, was simply a continuation of the Palmer Raids of the 1920's and J. Edgar Hoover's machinations during the 30's and 40's, that had been interrupted by World War II. The program was launched by the National Security Council in the name of national security. The Wall Street lawyers, bankers and their corporate clients were always equating their self interest with the national interest. Of course they really believed that what was good for General Motors was good for the country. I'm sure their upper class English counterparts suffered from the same delusional missionary complex, as they conquered and exploited the planet. But they were wrong and the world continues to pay.

Set aside all the fascist, communist and democratic atrocities, all of which rightly raise deep seated and well justified emotions, and one realizes that the Cold War was simply one more desperate effort to hold onto privilege and stop the spread of the ideal of the egalitarianism. Of course this is asking a lot, and will be viewed as simplistic in a world of complexity. But, the facts speak for themselves. Tally the bodies and the ledgers offer no significant differences between the east and the west. All the "great" nations kill and plunder on a level that befits their status. And the end is always the same,

to secure wealth and power. And like Mafia dons enjoying their ill gotten gains the rich enjoy their wealth while their victims suffer.


As the Cold War balance shifted steadily in favor of capitalism, corporate greed and self interest corrupted whole societies. Like their mentors, the young came to believe that they made money the good old fashioned way-- they earned it. Like their corrupt leaders they never stopped to ask how they could earn so much while others who worked as hard, or harder, earned so little. Thus does privilege corrupt.

At home, any hope of a decent humane and egalitarian society is pure fantasy. Even the death of such an innocuous idea as liberalism has been officially announced. Things are once again in the saddle and riding mankind. Abroad, heavily armed thugs (again, thanks to Cold War policy) are jockeying for control. All the demons (religious, ethnic and nationalistic) that the CIA, MI5 and cold war instruments (like Radio Free Europe) resurrected and encouraged in order to harass the Soviet Union and perpetuate Western hegemony are now out of control. And the evil genie will not be put back in the bottle.

"After 30 years of unrelenting and merciless economic warfare it looks like we finally may bring socialist Cuba to its knees; this clearly demonstrates the superiority of our capitalist, free enterprise system."

As the nation triumphed over communism and socialism abroad, greed and self interest triumphed over common decency at home. As the nations' leaders became more and more euphoric over the triumph of capitalism no one stopped to ask what pain and suffering was being inflicted on the vanquished. But, the longer we wait to face up to our past (and it isn't over yet: we still have to make Cuba grovel) the worse the suffering will be. Because in the interim, greedy pigs in the West will collaborate with greedy pigs in the East to plunder under the guise of privatization and the god of free enterprise. Of course there will not be any deals like "Sewards Icebox" but there is plenty of booty for the looters to share.

If this is what it means to have won the cold war it is hard to imagine what losing would have been like. It is harder still to imagine how any sane person can be happy about this pyrrhic victory.

POST SCRIPT--In the November '92 issue, I wrote that health care reform was probably going to end up with the consumer once again being ripped off by that nefarious combination of hospitals, insurance companies, and drug manufacturers. It now seems quite clear that we are headed for some form of compulsory insurance. Like compulsory auto insurance and workmen's compensation insurance, this will provide one more government opportunity to rip off the consumer. 



BEN GREEN PHOTO

LIFE SUCKS, 2%

Perkins Press Cub reporter **Joel Stanley** reflects on family, sadism, Mothers Day, social injustice, coffee shops and feminism.

That's all there is to it. Life sucks. Another day I could deal with it but Mothers Day was too much. The troubled teens roamed the quiet streets seeking me out like a heat missile to make passes, swing by and pass again hurtling every manner of expletive added in epithet in my general direction.

This started thoughts long dimmed of Mom, not seen in 13 years. Then only briefly, through party doors annually hunched over bowls of borscht and bouillabaisse. Her back for my back any day. Fathers' word swords left no visible marks, whereas ours were etched in flesh and the mind in his temperamental wallops administered with the limitless supply of scrap wood from the shop next door. He and the other cult elders all beat their kids, I later found. After all the bible they quipped in the other hand . . . does it not say, "Spare the rod, spoil the child"? And no one had to know; the houses, converted sheds and chicken coops, on the outskirts of a decaying small industrial Vermont town just far enough apart so screams got muffled on the sparse pines doubling as the property line. In fact, we weren't allowed to scream. Only silence and secrecy guarantee the abusers unending reign of terror. So it was that boards broke unevenly across our frail frames as we clung for life calling out Fathers' name. Where was God? It didn't matter. George, as we had to call him, was Gods stand in.

But thoughts of Mom today flooded back creating vivid images bouncing off empty walls along Main Street. My mind more clearly now tries

to grasp the cruel dichotomy of her pains vs. our pains separated searingly, still unhealedly, Dad the Dictator to this present day. How could she barely utter a quickly stifled cry as my four brothers and I were being pulverized before her eyes on the cellar's floor by the coal bin? Was this the same ex-tomboy, WASP model, Ivy Leaguer

philosopher? Who couldn't stand up to this 2 bit tyrant from Brooklyn: former Jew, pacifist, beatnik and farmer turned fanatic missionary?

When we were still talking 13 years ago at the low budget family reunion between sips of pineapple wine, he described such a deal he had discovered at the discount liquors like a Rabbi stumbling across old scrolls in a wine cellar. I was then barely in his good graces having not taken a wife and fulfilled the Biblical injunction to "go multiply and fill the earth with progeny." Really a neat way to swell a new religion's ranks with built in increase. There is an old Greek saying "If you don't get married young, you just grow old." So here I am in Noho land, the Jurassic celibate solitary Happy Valley monk 33 years old. Please, no Messiah inferences. Target practice for neo-Nazi skinhead punks on skate boards.

Was I better off staying in the wine sipping ceremony George presided over annually? I can see it all now, the clan's males sitting circular draped heavily in pure polyester with a touch of plaid tie, crew cuts all around, sharing holy communion of 99 cent wine in all seriousness.

I FIND SANITY IN A GALLON OF MILK, 2%, LIKE THE KIND MOTHER GAVE

So this recent Mama's Day of doubly heaped derision and depression I sought solace in the Haymarket Cafe where at least other estranged sons of WASP family scions and genetic nuclear revolutions gathered to eye each other as communists are wont to do, steam of cappuccino rose into the others eye causing winking that oft got taken as 2 way in the sexual meaning.

VICKY RUBIN PHOTO

Then it was the kid, yeah, the kid with the stridently feminist Mom with the crew cut that helped bring Annie Sprinkle's sex show to town. He brushed me, aped me. I hissed. We'd been through this before a time or two in the neighborhood: He was upon me with, "Joel did you just spit on me?"

Deja vu. Like when he and his cool friends had cornered me in the alley circling menacingly. And just as now I had maneuvered to the doorway of the musty dark cafe of too many floppy chairs, flat 'n fatty pastries and books on Hitler and Stalin. All that was missing is a volume on my father.

I made my way to the counter to complain of this latest bout of harassment. Wouldn't you know it? The

help ejects me with "get out" yet allows the teen perpetrator to stay.

Only on Mothers Day. Only in Northampton. Such pretense, such inhumanity, so panache, but alas, no class.

On the street again I go find sanity in a gallon of milk, 2%, like the kind Mother gave me. I guess I didn't get enough of that good ol' butter fat. Her breasts were small and five sons kept them dry most of the time and a father that was a missionary but didn't do it in style, but, boy, could he skim the cream. Never produced daughters, thank God. But if he did, they'd be abused, dead or militants. If only it was Easter, then I could die. "Till then may the Goddess reign.

TATIANA BERTSCH, PP's Ukrainian correspondent, was dispatched on a simple errand of movie reviewing. She returned with a piece of cross-cultural analysis that . . .

OK, so I just talked to Tiffany, her grandmother died, her father is trying to kill himself, and I'm going to take the time to write a petty and bitter review of some dumb fucking movie. All right.

As I recall, and its been so long that I don't even know what of the recollection is memory and what is romanticized fabrication, but as I recall it was an early summer night, before June 12 (another story). William and I agreed to go see *El Mariachi*, the new hip film that was rocking the industry. I heard about it from more than a dozen people; I don't read Premiere magazine, watch Entertainment Tonight, or even own a TV (at least someone is paying attention to all the righteous Northampton bumper stickers). But I already knew . . .

Something like:

A brilliant and clever new film, full of spirit and adventure, made for only \$500 or \$5000 (Whatever).

Written, filmed and produced by a University of Texas film student who sold his left nut to raise the money for

the project. Oh the charm!!! The humor!!! So cute, and clever!!! Not since Spike Lee's graduate piece from NYU, *Bed-Stuy Barbershop -- We Cut Heads*, have we seen anything so imaginative and alive. And refreshing. Two thumbs up. Four stars. Six hundred avocados.

With great anticipation I entered the theater, sat and prepared myself to be stunned, awed and charmed (in any order). With great hesitation, I left the theater, stunned and awed, but alas, not charmed. I briefly entertained the idea (after the first ten minutes) that we had gone to see the wrong movie. Or I had talked to the wrong people (impossible). Because the movie I saw sucked.

I couldn't figure out where the budget went. The quality of the film was horrible, the costuming wasn't

complex and the guns and actors couldn't have cost more than \$250. The clever party was how the guy with the portable phone lit his cigarettes off his hit man's face, which seemed borrowed from a more creative Marlboro lighting

method in *Heathers*. I don't really remember the plot, but something about a mariachi, with a guitar in his case, and an escaped convict with a gun in his case. Misunderstanding and confusion with hit men and goons, true love with a babe, babe killed by hitmen and goons, a hardened mariachi rides off. Maybe.

The movie was bad enough that I don't remember it, but not so bad that I remember everything. It reminded me of the kind of movie that was on Channel 5 (Fox), on loop any late Saturday afternoon that I was stuck in bed with a low fever, kind of spacy and claustrophobic. The only relief I got with the movie when I was sick was to throw up. The only relief I got in *El Mariachi* was to watch the miserable people in the audience with me. Their lives must be one notch worse than mine because they enjoyed the movie.

Or at least pretended to. I'm convinced that the only people that liked the movie were the ones who read the reviews, found out they were supposed to be refreshed by its rawness and were, or whatever. More amusing misunderstandings go on with Mr. Roper on *Three's Company*, and that's only 24 minutes from start to finish and doesn't cost \$4 with a current student ID. It's the kind of movie that could only do well in a town like Northampton, because where else do people spend that much time forming an opinion, so they can save themselves the

trouble when the actual experience comes down the pike. IF YOU CAN'T CHANGE YOUR MIND ARE YOU STILL SURE YOU HAVE ONE? If you believe all the art faggy reviews you read are you sure you still need one?

People are so busy trying to be well versed on the flavor of the month that they don't even know if it tastes good. How many people actually read *Sexual Personae*? Really liked Perry Farrell's voice when they first heard it? I used to read music magazines so I'd know what to buy, now I read them so I don't have to buy anything. And, yeah, the latest Urge Overkill really is great. I love how they wear those turtle necks that say U.R.G.E. just like the man from U.N.C.L.E. Blah. blah blah.

There are too many people in this town that read too many of the right reviews, before they go to the right theater (any noun where we consume art will fit) to see the right movie (any art event will fit, or any event at all). Then we go to the right place after the movie, drink the right flavor of coffee, regurgitate our reviews, have the right discussion, and go home feeling alright. Because we haven't caused ourselves any discomfort. Perhaps we've even experienced some pleasure. Passive consumerism coupled with mutual masturbation. Safe and harmless. God help us if the only way we can find our G-Spot is by reading Ask Isadora.

ADVERTISING "Knowingly cultivated mediocrity."

IN QUESTION

A CALL TO ARMS

The following is the first third of a manifesto circulating around Paris. It was translated from the original French by Joel Douek.

This article is the result of the thoughts of a group of people of diverse origins and commitments, that have been brought together by a desire to resist harassment caused by advertising practices. It is intended to be a work-tool to question publicity in the way it allows itself to deride our liberties and to attack the foundations of social living. It seems to us both illegitimate and dangerous that advertising should have so penetrated the cultural scene.

It may be true that in criticizing the ascendancy of advertising one is attacking the pride of present economy, which cannot maintain itself without perpetually creating additional needs. To question advertising is thus also to bring back a sense of direction to the economy and to step off the spiral of consumer society which increasingly renders man a slave to unfulfilled needs, while so many are unable to emerge from extreme poverty.

Some may say that we are breaking down open doors and that advertising will bring about its own demise. We do not believe this. Only concerted action by a great number of people, conscious that the power of advertising influences mentalities and lifestyles to the same extent as totalitarian propaganda, will have any effect.

Challenging advertising practices is simply defending public freedom. Publicity deploys itself in the public forum; the law protects citizens (ideally) against neighborhood disturbances and pollution etc. It should also protect against visual, aural and mental attack, irrespective of its origin.

"Reducing human beings to their stomachs and their genitals."

Roadsides, fields, city walls, the streets and our radio waves have been invaded, works of art mutilated. Soon, if we are not careful, public monuments, schools, colleges and churches will be billboards too.

When the state fails it is up to the citizen to venerate "the freedom of his fellows".

Publicity versus Freedom

Advertising is "the art of exercising a psychological influence on the public for commercial gain".

This definition, by Petit Robert, reminds one (as if one needed to be reminded) that far from contenting itself with informing the public, publicity seeks to impinge on public freedom. In defiance of human rights it deliberately sets out to damage freedom through

- a psychological influence that has become increasingly violent as a result of advancements in conditioning techniques,

- the double standards it propagates,

- the omnipresence it is intent on achieving.

It is at these three levels that we fault the perverse nature of advertising.

I- Through its psychological influence, advertising anaesthetizes our consciences and acts against us by

• playing at "mutual intimidation" : "if you don't have what everyone else has you are nothing - a nobody";

• insidiously inducing guilt; it becomes humiliating not to be beautiful, strong or rich, according to the norms;

• claiming to fulfill fundamental human desires, solely with the products it boasts.

• arousing new desires and insatiable greed, sources of perpetual dissatisfaction and rivalry;

• making use of the "subliminal" - images so fast that the conscious mind can neither record nor criticize them, forcing one to yield to hidden mental manipulation;

• making comparisons void of objective criteria: "more....., better" : to what end? It suggests, while preventing criticism of that which it is suggesting thereby paving the way to a deceitful game of arbitrary interpretation.

II - Through the double standards it spreads, advertising dehumanizes by:

• knowingly cultivating mediocrity; it fuses together human values and commercial ends, manipulating the values of solidarity, conviviality, good intentions, eroticism and culture, in order to sell better;

• magnifying violence, intolerance and selfishness...

• altering the meaning of words and introducing a confusion of language;

• favoring popularity by the pseudo-magical use of slogans;

• no longer differentiating between human beings and animals;

• according too much importance to food (particularly pet food) that it seems to ignore, and make one forget, the many suffering from starvation around the world;

• encouraging self-destructive tendencies, and in extreme cases, death, by stimulating addictive behavior such as alcohol consumption, tobacco and fast living;

• giving priority to primitive urges over free will, reducing human beings to their egocentric impulses - to their stomachs, to their genitals. In doing this the advertising industry ignores the fact that the more one appeals to the impulsive, the more one is conditioned and the less one is informed;

• reducing man, women and child to mere objects.

III - Through the place it attempts to occupy, advertising ridicules human rights by:

• squandering resources and needlessly increasing prices;

• invading and distorting non-market endeavors such as sports, politics, art, philanthropy and religion;

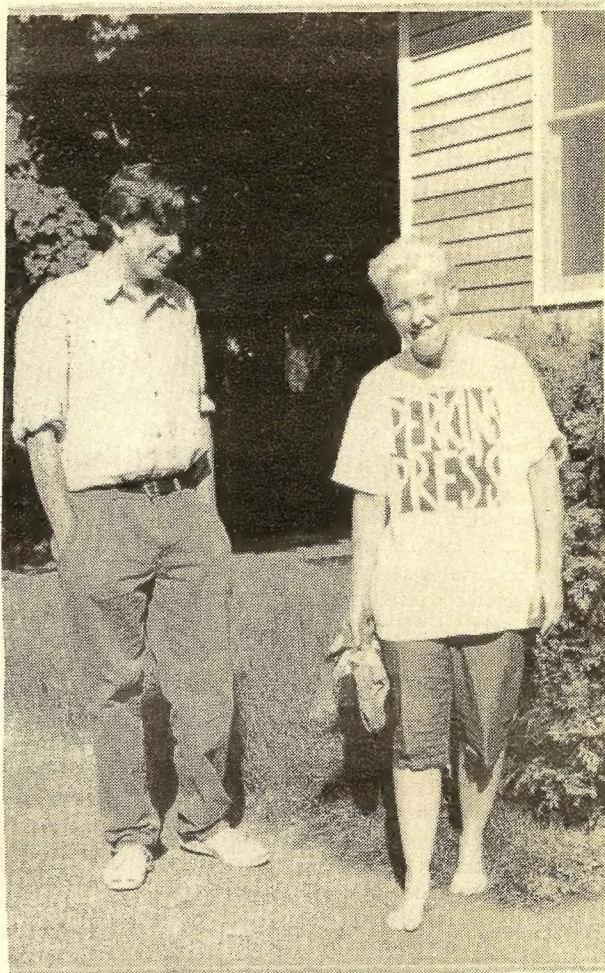
• assuming the right to invade the entire visual and aural field of all aspects of society: television, radio, telephone, posters, reviews, newspapers, mail, but also the urban and rural environment, up to the sky and the sea. Even at home, in one's private life, it is impossible to escape the bombardment.

VALLEY SCANDAL EXAMPLE:

A local advertisement for a blasé-er than thou t-shirt uses outrageously attractive models, complete with perfectly coiffed hair, stunningly hardened bodies and razor sharp cheek bones, smiling languidly at their own reflective gorgeousness in the draping (some might say hovering) sunlight. The insidious suggestion is that you, the consuming mortal, would be transformed to such a God like status by the use of this (tremendously cheap -- only \$5!!!) product.

However, the naughtiness goes further: this is an advertisement selling an advertisement. You pay for the privilege of being a billboard for a product that survives on the funds generated by advertising in the first and/or third place. If you wish to be a part of the problem and not the dilution, then go ahead, Send \$5, with SASE to PERKINS PRESS REALLY BIG T-SHIRT OFFER 13 PERKINS AVE. NORTHAMPTON MA., 01060

Should the black logo on 100% white cotton, large or extra large, not turn you in to a model immediately, don't come running to us. Allow two non-working weeks for delivery.



ANTINOMIA

It may well be that the first representation (that presents itself!) is death. The living can never experience death; it is the ultimate unknown, the original symbol.

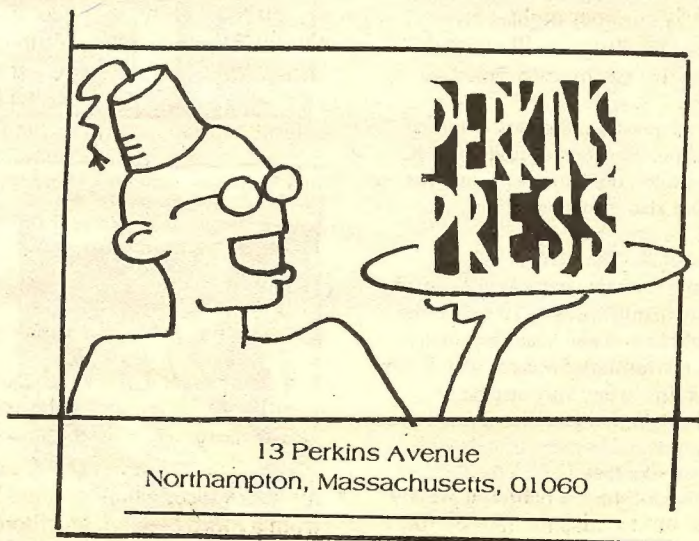
Representation lends itself to quantification, the assignment of number. When the self perceives itself (e.g., in contemplating its own negation), it splits into observer and observed, subject and object. The 'enlightened' soul will recognize this TWO-ness as imaginary and 'merge' into ONE. ONE, the first enclosure, represents unity, the negation of division.

Mediated experience represented, quantified, questioned, known) becomes subject to manipulation from without as well as within. Authority (certainty, clarity, enclosed, predictable) exists only in a medium, and media multiply for the sole purpose of being reconciled into the ONE. The unification of mediated experience is the project of Monotheism, the religion of number, the worship of the standard, of stasis, death.

Unity is death, the place where all souls go, the end of desire.

"When the shock of the immediate arrested my fantasy, it died, leaving me despair and the ache of lack. Into the emptiness rushed the image, and I began to worship death. -- only the IMAGE of death, that is, for when have the living and dead ever met? except in representation, when lack becomes the Other --"

ANTINOMIA
BOX 93
HADLEY, MA., 01035



EXTRA ORDINARY OR ORDINARY EXTRA You decide with the PP & Optimist interview:

The Valley Optimist. Where does one start? The first edition, sometime last Spring, was cause for a mild amateurish jealousy, somewhere. The *Optimist* was just like *Perkins Press*, except they had more money (in the thousands), more ads (in the dozens), more pages (triple), more workers (ratio of 24 to 1), more issues (24 a year to 3 or 4 a year), and, of-course, more optimism. Both were words on paper, at any rate, operating out of Northampton, MA. Herewith David meets Goliath for a word dance:

I am driving to a "photo shoot" with *Optimist* editor Lou Cove. I've been asking him what the story could be. He misunderstands and in mock revelation says, "Okay, you wanna story, I'll give you some dirt." He's joking of-course, the dirtiest thing about the *Optimist* is their press release. Just a nice bunch of guys and girls trying to inject a little hope into a community. That's what I have in my notes after an hour or more interview.

So we're photographed lying on our backs reading each others paper, writing on one another's faces and anything else that gets thought up. We are both uncomfortable, Lou and I, *Optimist* editor and *PP* editor. We agree that its because we both like to hide behind words.

Anyway, they got in touch and suggested an interview, apparently due to *PP*'s injection of optimism in the community (I asked this to an yes). *PP* in turn suggested a double up thing and, taken up on the idea with disarming enthusiasm, *PP* is now stuck with a painted face and stretching "a nice bunch of..." into a story.

In this case we had Lou over to the PPHQ, sat him in a hot room with a glass of water that got licked at by Sally and, in the midst of giving coy, inane quotes concerning our agenda ("Um, *PP*'s just an open forum type thing"), went for the conspiracy theory track:

PP: You say the *Optimist* is all about Optimism. What about the other papers you're putting out, *College Illustrated* and *&*, an extraordinary view.

O: We felt that the *Optimist* wasn't reaching the college students, that they weren't super interested in it. *College Illustrated* started at the suggestion of the publishers and then snowballed into something that was successful, into a bit of an underground readership, we really have an underground readership. But what was happening was we were coming up with really clever ideas, like the subliminal message.

PP: What?

O: There's a little black box that says subliminal message alert right near the masthead, and if you find the corresponding symbol within the paper you win a pair of tickets to Pearl Street.

PP: Smart.

O: Yeah and we started by putting art work on the cover and it was almost like a *College Optimist*, and we were trying to divide the readership and that didn't work so well, so we started doing photos on the cover, because I realized we had to do something different, to set it apart from the *Optimist*.

The writers just started getting really excited about it and it became its own creative thing which I became really proud of because it completely separated itself, was completely irreverent, fun and funky.

PP: That sounds energetic and great but the agenda you began with -- the only paper that doesn't muckrake -- seems to be the antithesis of *CII*.

O: In a way.

PP: Now would this be a can't beat 'em [muckrakers of the world unite] join 'em type thing.

O: We thought it could bring in some extra money, and it provided us with an opportunity to vent every one in a while.

PP: Any thing that you're really proud of having vented?

O: Hmm, good question. I'm most proud of an editorial about what you should do with your college career, done in a way that was responsible but also irreverent. [See quotables #2 for sample.]

PP: What about *&*.. I couldn't help but notice that your interview with *WOW* [local production company] was similar to the one *PP* ran in February (same headline, photos, question/answer format). So, have you found *PERKINS PRESS* in any way inspiring?

O: Totally. I forgot that you did an article on them. I met them and became friends with them, and I felt like they fit into the theme I was aiming for of trying to put forth worldly ideas.

PP: You've got [models] on the cover of *&*, a *WOW* interview, some fiction; is it a GQish, literary, yet local type thing.

O: The idea behind *&* isn't universal and in a lot of ways its really specifically targeted at the Valley because I'm totally intrigued by this town and the communities around it, exactly what I said in the center spread. [See quotables #3 for sample.]

The worldly sensibility here is what I really wanted to put on paper.

PP: So that guy in the center spread, standing next to a tractor with his fly down has been interpreted as sarcasm.

O: That's been a concern of mine, a couple of people have been put off by that photo and it was not my intention at all to be sarcastic and that's why I wrote the comment that's up in the corner.

PP: I thought that was what might lend it just that extra touch of sarcasm.

O: Do you think so?

PP: Yeah, the effort to explain the picture.

O: What I was trying to do was to say that at the heart of this publication which I feel is representative of the Valley--literally at the heart, at the center spread-- is something that has a bit more substance than the four black and white pages of fashion that are surrounding it that are a bit staid and posed and really superficial in a lot of ways, and there's something nice about that but there's also not a lot of depth there and I wanted to say there is a lot of depth and the two can kind of go hand in hand in the way that they do here.

PP: Even if the photo and caption aren't sardonic, and this isn't a personal slight, but taken to the other extreme, it could be considered to be an earnest appeal to a deeper audience, trying to have the best of both worlds. We can be stylish and pretty and wear clothes from Thornes, but we also like farmers type of thing.

O: I see what you're saying, I was more just trying to mirror this community, more than anything else. I don't feel that its a shallow offering either and I feel like having Jyl Lynn Felman fiction and the article on *WOW* really give the whole publication some substance. Not as much as I'd like because I didn't have as many pages as I wanted to work with and there's a lot of compromise in *&*. The primary goal was to show that we were visually superior.

PP: Now you have an ad in your papers of a frog reading a paper called the *Cynic*, with a cut line that says there are alternatives, and those alternatives are all *Optimist* publications. Was the *Cynic* based on *College Illustrated*.

O: That was actually done before *CI* ever existed.

PP: Is that ad representational of what you're trying to do in this Valley. You can be the hopeful one, the cynical one and the hip one, in other words have all bases covered.

O: It would come as a tremendous surprise to all of us if it did. We have a lot of different interests and each paper allows an outlet for different influences we feel. We're at an interesting age, close to college level. All it is is ambition, no intention of making money. Just ambition to see how many different styles we could be successful with, and be true to.

I like the idea of something [*&*] that's out there for its own sake, not [perceived as] competing with the *Advocate* or *Off Campus*..

I don't see myself as Rupert Murdoch. I'd worry some more about the *Gazette*, they're a little more pervasive than we are.

PP: You talked about these papers being a stepping stone for writers, what about for you.

O: I haven't looked in the help wanted ads for 'editor and publisher'. I really enjoy what I'm doing and I don't make nearly enough money. It's a unique, unusual opportunity for me, in a community I like. I don't feel that I'm too isolated from the rest of the world.

PP: You came into this as a writer, and now you're describing yourself as editor and publisher?

O: In a lot of ways I feel like I'm an Editor in Chief. So I've achieved my immediate goal for now.

PP: Congratulations.

O: Would you hand off *PERKINS PRESS* to someone else?

PP: No.

I drive Lou back to his office. He suggests that I might write for his paper. I don't ask which one. I say sure. I give him an extra large *PERKINS PRESS* t shirt and he says thanks. We give each other compliments and I drive away without a shred of cynicism or envy. I turn on the radio to National Public Radio's newscast. The announcer says that this segment is underwritten by "Optimist Publications of Northampton, publishers of The Valley Optimist, College Illustrated and *&*, an extraordinary view." Extra ordinary. I think gentle, soothing thoughts that verge on the vernacular.

1/HOPE Filled

"The politics of numbness are the only thing saving us from the pain of today's world."

Michael Strohl, *Optimist*, 6/93

2/ HIP but a little CYNICAL

"I'd definitely load up on job and internship experience, but I'd also blow off more classes and have more sex (there's a difference between safe sex and celibacy)."

John Reed, *College Illustrated*, 9/92

3/ STYLISH yet LITERARY

"The Valley is a fashion statement all its own - where the cosmopolitan and rural intersect in unique and remarkable ways. A place to remember that style isn't what someone tells you to wear -- it's a reflection of who you are. Give meaning to your material. Keep honesty in your aesthetic. Your heart is more important than your color choice."

Lou Cove, *&*, an extra view, 6/93



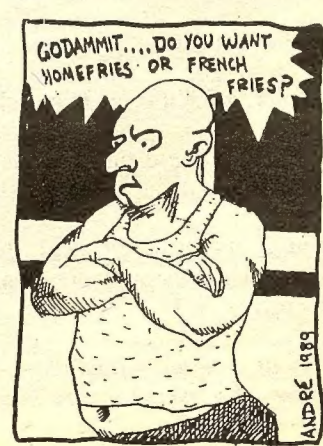
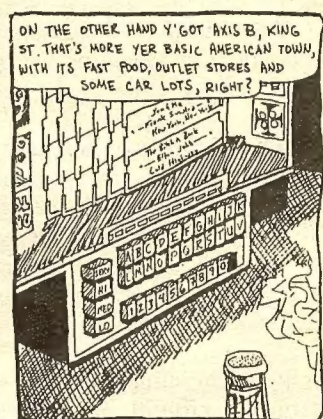
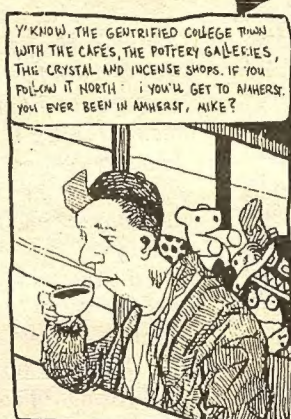
FUN ADVOCATE FACTS

A regular *PP* column exploring the goings on at a wacky local advertising circular, publicity machine and pornography exchange.

The *Valley Advocate* uses as its cover the cover of a February *Spy* magazine, featuring Hillary Clinton as a dominatrix. The cover story is an opinion, written by a woman, decrying the media's "cruel" and of-course "sexist" treatment of "our" Hillary. Would that our beloved earnest scribes at the *Advocate* could check their facts. The illustrative basis for the story famously amused our first lady proving how strange these time truly are, when the White House has the sense of humor and an advertising circular posing as a liberal thought tank has none.

What would the *Advocate* be without Al Giordano? Wonder no more, as the intrepid cub reporter moves on up to the Boston Phoenix sometime soon. Our favorite muckraking, cigarette defending scribe met *PP* once at an SM party and told us we had "a lot of spunk." We wish the trumpeter of the underdog well.

But is the Phoenix headed west and isn't it helmed by a former *Advocate* publisher, let go amidst much bitterness. And what does the demise of the *Advocate* have to do with the final issue of the *Press*. Good questions all.



TO QUANG, MY GUIDE ABOVE AND BELOW THE GROUND, IN HUMILITY AND AVAILABILITY.



HOW

First, fly in to Charles de Gaulle Airport. Next, drive south from Paris on Autoroute #1 and exit at Fontainebleau. Drive through said town and take a right for two miles of tree lined road till you reach an abandoned check point. Leave the car, and walk across two fields, using the lines of electricity pylons for orientation. Descend the broken trail into an opening at the foot of the hill and enter the seeming infinity that a photo can capture but a fraction of.



WHAT

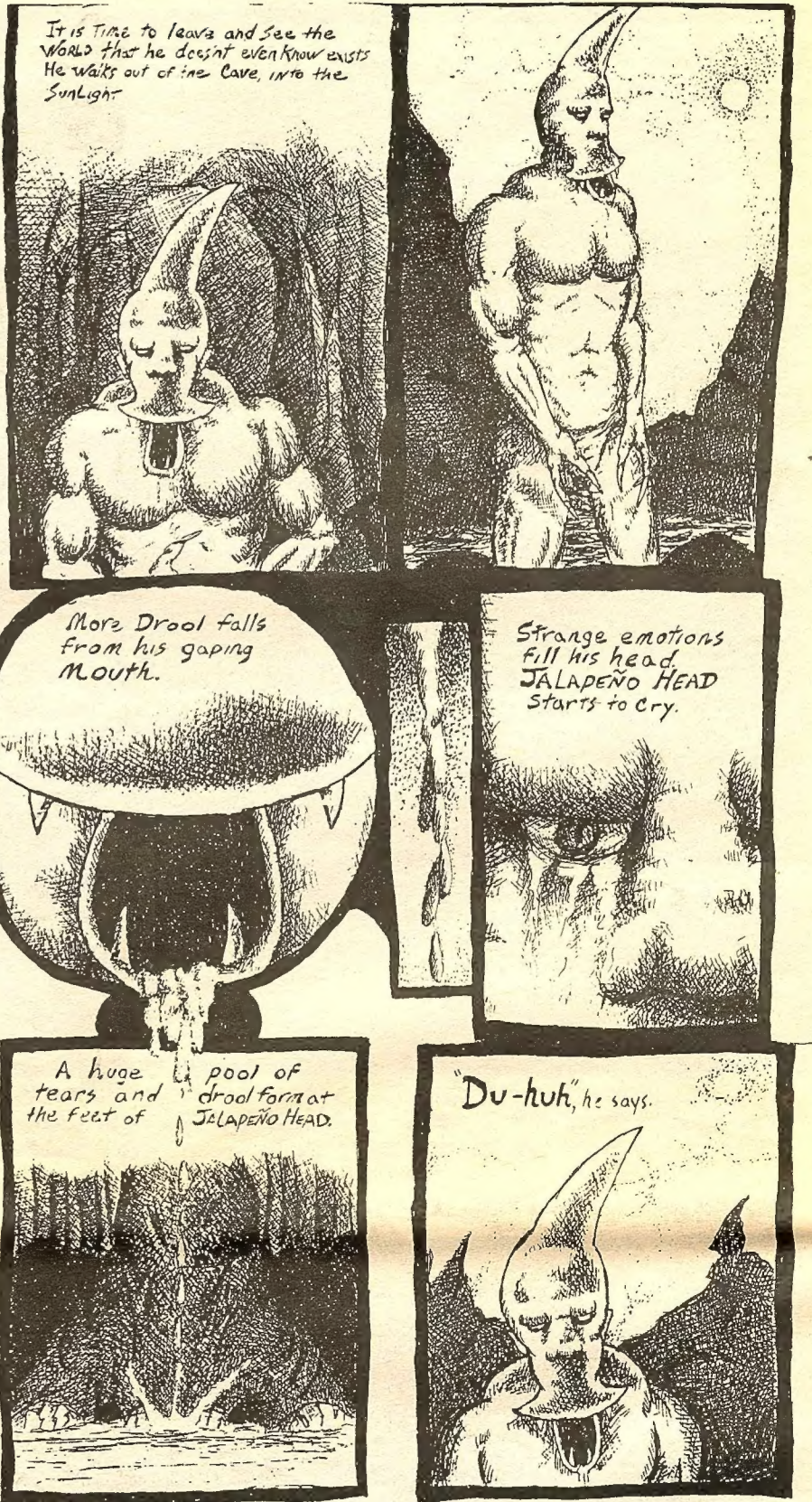
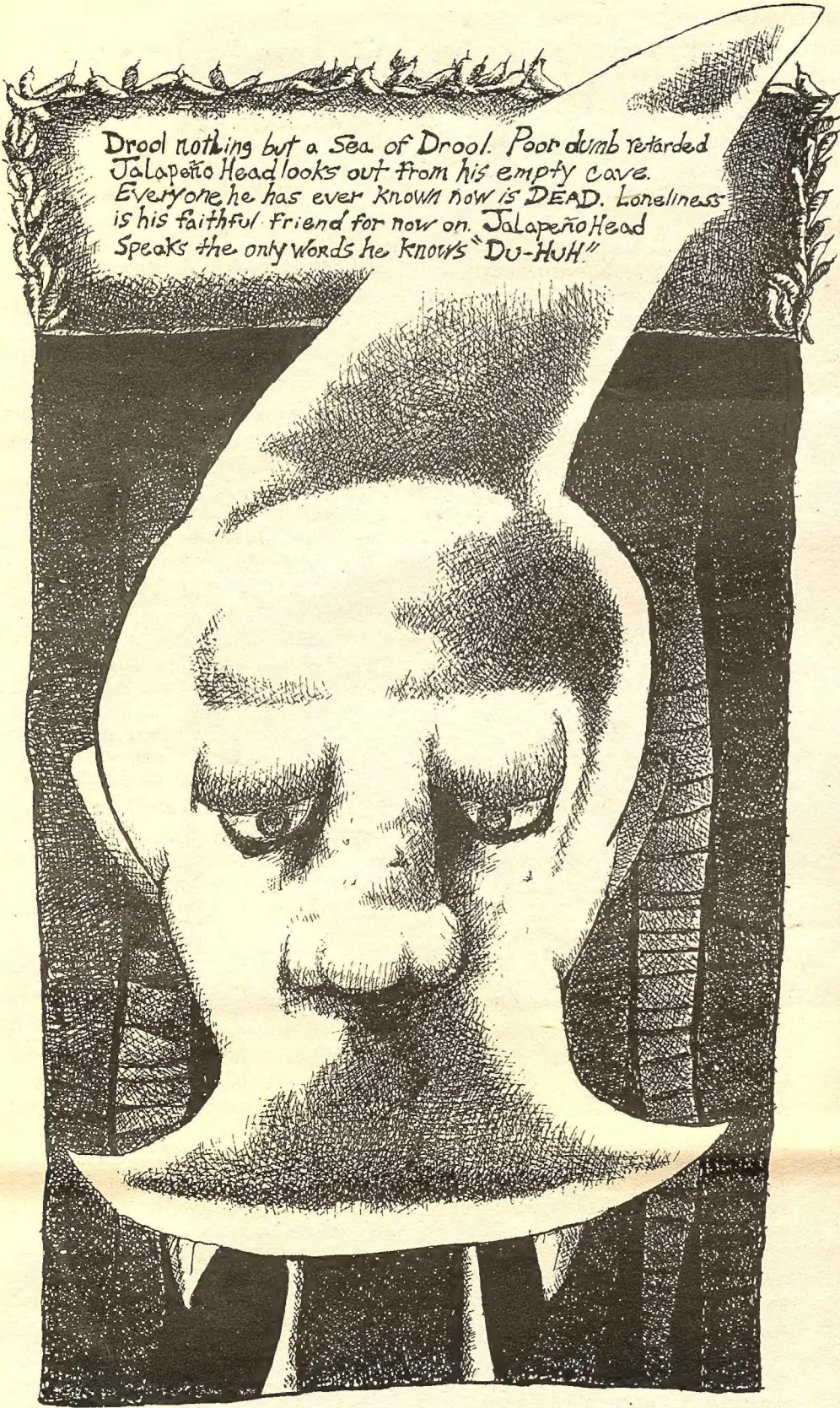
Labyrinthine passages and chambers, hand carved hundreds of feet into the hill, where this fine, bleached white sand was quarried over the decades for its rare properties. So pure in silica is its consistency that it fuses under heat to form glass of remarkable optical perfection. During the German occupation of France in World War II it was covertly transported to Japan to be used for periscope lenses in naval submarines. Take a picnic.

JEROME ARTHUS PHOTOS

Curious readers should contact Perkins Press for scrutiny as precise directions must remain closely guarded for reasons of preservation.

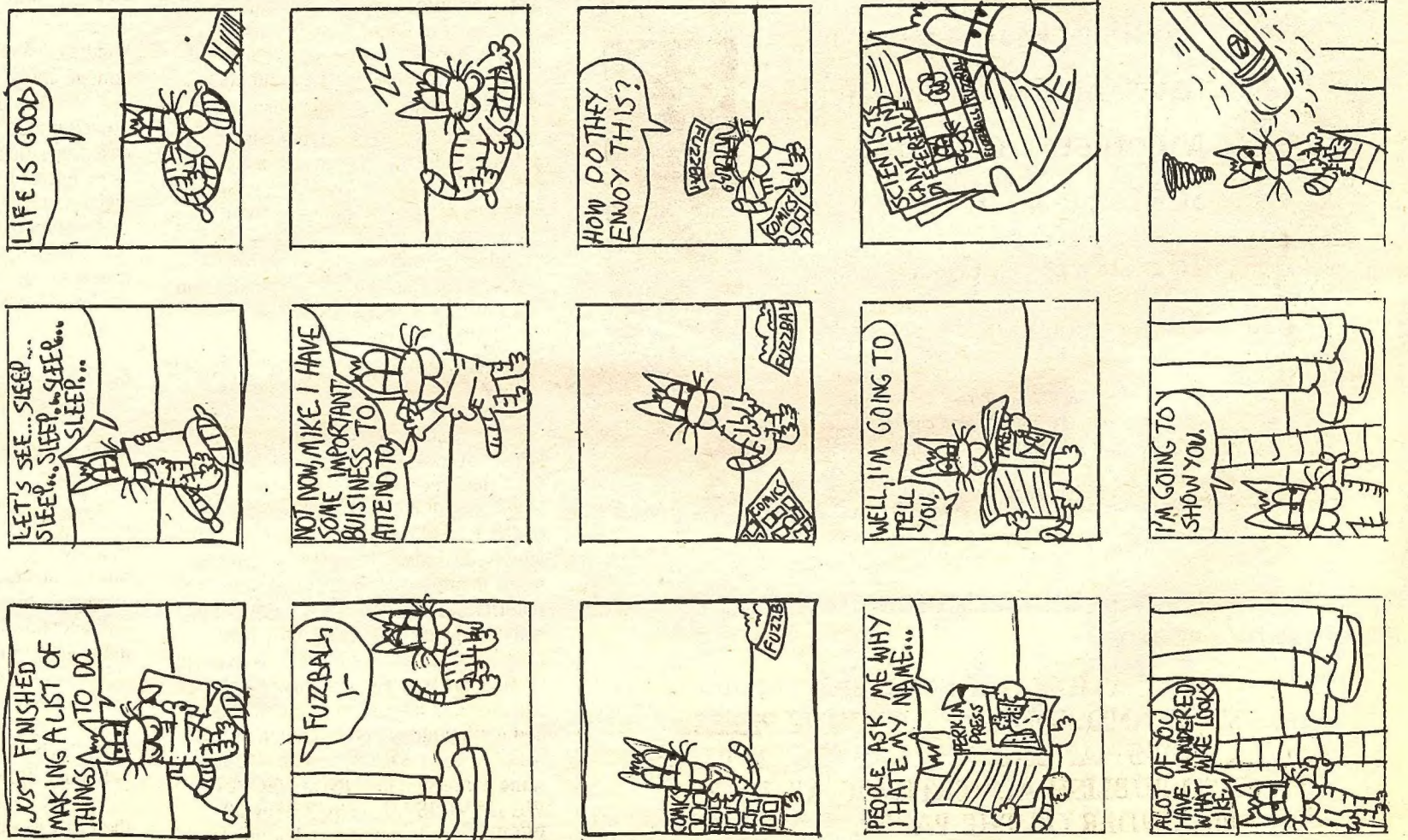
PERKINS COMIC NEWS

JALEPEN0 HEAD BY VITO PILINI



FUZZBALL

BY MATT KRISTEK



BACK TO SCHOOL PULL OUT SPECIAL

PERKINS PRESS
EDUCATIONAL
SUPPLEMENT



THE PROFESSOR by C.F. Roberts



SHE SAT THE RECEIVER
DOWN AND STARED AT THE
TEST PATTERN. SOMEWHERE,
A COFFEE GRINDER
SCREAMED. TO HERSELF,
SHE SAID "IT'S THOSE
DAMN STUDENTS. THEY'RE
BACK."

THE PP EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT IS
PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY PERKINS PRESS,
COVER ART BY ANDRE BUSI. WE RESERVE THE
RIGHT TO PUBLISH ADVERTISING, UNLIKE
THE REMAINDER OF THE PAPER.

The Professor, stern, imposing and arbitrary academic figure that he was in his youth met his Waterloo in a student who attended his class Sexuality 101 in the fall of his fifty seventh year. The student in question, a self described slut with a snide grin and chronic bronchial asthma, was the first to grab bull by horn and question his theories since he'd achieved tenure some twenty years before.

"It's not the size," he lectured, pointer waving toward the diagram, "don't ever let anyone tell you that. It's the intensity of the act that counts."

The Professor had a one inch prick.

"You're wro-ong!" Sang the Slut from the back of the lecture hall.

"Who said that?!" The Professor tore the horn rim glasses from his face as if spoiling for a bar room brawl.

"It's the size," she said matter of factly, "it's definitely the size."

"Young lady, who is the Professor here?"

"Old man, how many inches are you packing?" A titter ran through the students. She seductively ran her tongue round the grape lollipop she'd been sucking -- "I say it's the size, and believe me, I know whereof I speak." She pulled off a difficult pelvic contortion trick, to hammer the point home.

"It's the intensity of the act," the Professor whined. "Oh, God, oh," tears welling in his eyes, "please say it's the intensity."

As the progressively one-sided verbal wore on, more than half the students got up and left. Within the week, everyone there had dropped Sexuality 101.

The Professor ultimately experienced what could be termed a minor nervous breakdown and was unceremoniously sent on an indefinite leave of absence from the university. He filed an historic lawsuit against the Slut, suing for damages under mental cruelty and academic sabotage. The Slut laid out a heavy retainer with twenty five per cent on her own special brand of credit.

The headlines flew out helter skelter morning editions ascream with the controversy and on every corner public opinion polls were taken and in movie theaters cross country a straw vote was set up; the Saturday night smoke room bingo Miller High Life Copulation Population were all ablaze, getting their exposed, blubbery, harpoon bait midriffs in an uproar as they signed their names and leapt, their lethargic, flagging libidos dangling and wiggling, into the fray -- it was another pointless weekly reader propaganda battle of the sexes to indulge themselves in while the Great Set took another sizable gnaw from the Tree of Life, shed his coarse old skin undulated with unmitigated pleasure . . . The Prophet Andy pirate televised from his cell deep within the lower depths of a federal maximum security hole a frantic plea. "Haven't we had enough of things that draw battle lines all fences and subdivisions to keep us all apart and argumentative -- why can't we talk instead. . . being together and getting along and too much of this battle idiocy we're the human race the same damn side the ONLY PEOPLE WE HAVE IS US, JESUS CHRIST PEOPLE, wake up and look around you see who the brooding puppeteers are,"

and several security guards on hand subdued him, kidney-kicked him and cornholed him live on three networks . .

The public took up fisticuff stance on either side of the tarnished fence and even the sharp downtown gang, who took pride in never falling for the Big Ruse, got head-long into the act. Othmar was quoted as saying, as he removed his welding mask, "damn! I haven't got a sad on-incher, but I can vouch for my own veracity. I'm not telling you smaller is better, old eye, but different is here and it's a big planet, there's room for everything, all flavors here, so to speak, ahem, excuse me," replacing the welding mask and playing cavalier tipping his silly Jughead Crown forward, Othmar closed the subject and went back to work . . .

Small Cocksmen Support Groups spring up nationwide, seemingly overnight and inner city terrorist bombings are accredited to a rather eccentric front known as Men Against Genital Discrimination; the group's leader, a jaundiced, sickly Amway salesman with a military haircut was heard saying, "we shall overcome, whether ye shlongers (all members of the MAGD adopted a false, contrived brogue which they pushed in instances of public speaking beyond the point of any linguistic common sense -- it was a show to emphasize a sort of historic belligerence motif -- all new entrants to the MAGD ranks receive a standard issue .44 Magnum to boost self esteem -- "where do you think the term 'Sex Pistols' came from?" sneered Brian Shane) choose to acknowledge us or ye don't -- regardless our time's come and we're riddy to take our place as humanity's next stip oop th' ivolution'ry ladder . . ."

The Man With The One Inch Prick had a sizable vendetta going and in the weeks preceding his day in court he breached legal etiquette by driving round to the Slut's house and sitting outside staring in her bedroom window and by calling her and hanging up at all hours of the morning. She became a bundle of nerves and had to drop out of college altogether.

The day before the axe came down on the Professor and his leaky case (he'd elected to be his own lawyer as he felt he was the hero of this movie and could, through his own presumptuous nobility, carry it off) the Slut filed a countersuit demanding an astronomical sum in punitive rewards.

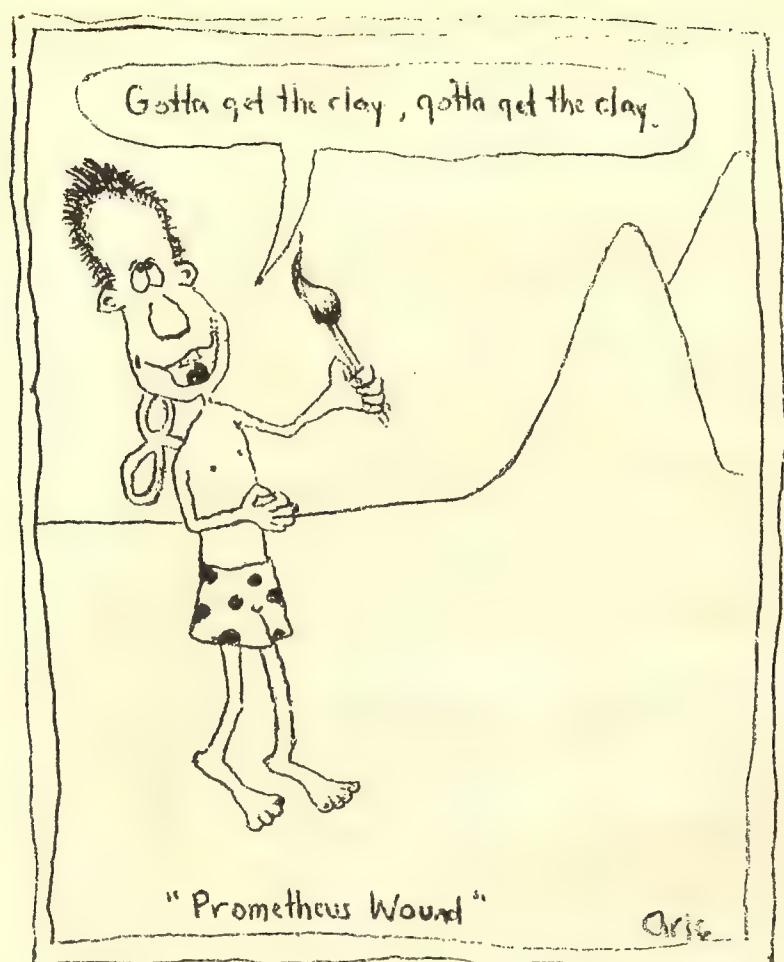
The selection of the Honorable Lois Goldman as Judge became an emphatic bitching point with the Professor as he ripped into a full blown tirade about sexual bias.

"What's good for the goose is good for the gander," said Judge Goldman.

"Get a MALE judge," the Professor raved, red face and strained-blood vessels burst on his face, gave birth to newer, tinier ones which accelerated to maturity in a matter of milliseconds, burst again - "preferably a male Judge with a small penis!"

"I'm sure," the Slut snarled, crossing her legs provocatively, "that would result in a hung court barely hung." All present giggled with a collective cluck of ironic hardness.

In both suit and counter suit, the Professor discovered he'd stuck his



one inch out further than he could afford to and paid for it. The Slut made out like a bandit.

"Some people," Her Honor was heard to comment later, "can't accept being wrong: It's a poor sportsmanship thing. Sore losers."

In the weeks after the decision, the Slut became a sort of New Traditionalist Folk Heroine.

A well known syndicated morning talk show sports as a topical feature one day hosted a heated verbal exchange between a highly touted author of human sexuality books and a loud Pro-Virility housewife/ New Traditionalist Activist - "Who are you," the pundit howled, "to judge anyone's merit on the size of their organs? All people have a right to be!"

"Stuff it, you intellectual choir boy," roared Mrs. Counterpoint. "I think I speak for us all when I say I'm tired of you genitally inferior college boy nigger loving atheist jew elitist maggots telling us what WE have to accept!" She stood up and waved the stars and stripes. "I'm an American girl," she crowed, "and I want it all! I demand seven inches or less from any man!" In the stands a glowering core of representatives from Young Republican Housewives For Genital Abundance broke the silence with a deafening round of applause that resounded for well over five minutes . . . the author was reduced to a tearful, quivering, gelatinous heap.

The Virilist Party is formed by a radical yet popular party made up of splinter groups from high class suburban conservatives and southern baptist populist democrats. Their going campaign lines read, "at least seven inches in every jock, big cocks in every snatch, two cars in every garage - not negotiable" and "better hung than red". . .

The Urban Legend infamously referred to as Urban Legend 101 reflects the substantial ire of the Masculinists and Virilists, both male and female of the day.

Urban Legend 101 goes as thus: Traveling salesman pulls into small, Norman Rockwellesque town to do business only to find that the town is deserted. Traveling salesman goes to general store (being the only town establishment that appears to be open -- post-office, fire department and the amalgam city hall police station all included) and asks the proprietor, the sole human being he has seen here since his arrival, "What's going on in this town? It some kin's holiday?"

"Day of mournin'," says the hayseed.

"For who?"

The yokel's eyes bug out.

"Ain't you heard?!"

"Heard what?"

Yokel continues to look at the traveling salesman as if he sprouted a second head. "John Brown just died."

Further the hayseed's disbelief when the traveling salesman's face registers not an iota of recognition. "John Brown?" He asks. "Who's that?"

"You don't know who John Brown was?!"

"Man, I'm not partial to being made to feel ignorant. Tell me about this John Brown character."

"Why, Mister, John Brown, local boy, y'know, saw him spring up from a boy, myself, used to feed and clothe his whole family right from this here store, John Brown had the world's largest penis, God rest his soul."

Traveling salesman raises an eyebrow. "That right?"

"Certainly is, Sir, as the Lord is my witness. You want to see, his funeral is tomorrow, they got him up at the Greywood Mortuary right now."

"I think I will," says the traveling salesman. "That sounds like something you don't run across every day."

So the oldster gives the salesman directions to the Greywood Mortuary, where he heads post haste. The little mortuary is running on a

skeleton crew, John Brown having passed away, after all. The one employee working there is a rather green, sickly-looking youth named Murdoch, who, while he stands to inherit the company lock, stock and barrel some years down the road, has a penchant for a quick and easy buck.

Traveling salesman uses the direct approach. "I understand you have this fellow John Brown here."

"Are you family?"

"No. . ."

"Close friend?"

"Never met the man in my

life."

The picture is beginning to clarify for Murdoch. "Are you a cop?"

"Do I look like a cop?"

"Hard to tell, nowadays."

"No," the salesman grimaces.

"I'm not a cop."

"Okay. Come on in."

He brings the traveling salesman into the embalming room. "Lucky for you I'm the only one here. Most folks took the day off, being it's John Brown and all."

The carcass of John Brown lies on the table, blanket covering it. "Show it to me," says the salesman with a sadistically enthused look on his face.

"You weren't here," says Murdoch, "and I didn't show you this." He tears off the blanket, revealing the phenomenal appendage.

"Jesus," beams the salesman.

He will later recount first sight of the legendary schlong to a close friend. "Fat thing -- it was thicker than my arm -- limp -- and three feet long."

"Jesus."

"Impressed?"

"The wife would flip over this," the salesman marvels. "Listen friend. I must have this -- I have to bring it home and show it to my wife."

"What do you think you're asking, man?! I can't do that!"

"I'll pay you handsomely."

"I'm not a criminal man! Have a little respect for the dead!"

"Well, does this alter your respect any?" The salesman puts down a pair of hundred dollar bills.

Murdoch's brow is knit. "Five hundred."

"Four hundred," haggles the salesman, "not a cent more."

"Done," says Murdoch. He gets himself a large knife from a drawer. "You weren't here. I didn't see you, I don't know you and I didn't give you anything."

That night the traveling salesman comes home and gives his wife who is reading in the living room a yell. "Clara!"

"What's the matter dear, you sound strained. Was your day okay?"

"Yes, yes!! Come in here, Clara, I brought something home for you!"

Wife enters kitchen whereupon traveling salesman drops John Brown's incredible cock wrapped in plastic a shrink-wrap on to the table in front of her with a dull, meaty thud. Wife's jaw nearly hits the floor and she goes pale.

"Oh my God," she gasps. "John Brown's dead."

POSTER: "THE NEW VIRILITY -- EMBRACE IT OR LOSE IT."

Sexual riots break out in Paris along the Champs-Elyees where the French loverboys traditionales battle it out with roving mobs of teenie weenie brooding intellectual barbarians sporting unmanageable hair, bad complexions, turtleneck sweaters and horn rim glasses . . . the Romeos are put to the test and eventually to the sword . . . the oppressed and the inadequate will eventually conquer the world, burn it, slag it, raze it, rebuild it in their own forsaken image -- they are runny nosed zealots whose belief propels them to Meggido and down the road a flamboyant, vaudevillian imitation cardboard cut out replica of Valhalla where Brunhilde is a cast call continuum and Wotan plumbs sewage downstairs third shift . . .

Cults of self-inflicted castrati join the cause and line the streets in oppressed maroon smocks brandishing in their mitts their adopted anthem, Morrissey's "Viva Hate" LP. The Eunuchs themselves grow to resent and abandon the One Inchers that originally inspired them to lob their hogs off -- "all men are not created equal," the lot warble squealing soprano glee club gregorian roustabout, "the One-Inch man is a pretender to the throne in our kingdom!"

A Gynecologists and a Pediatrician in Sweden come up with a scientific method for determining a male fetus's phallic capacity early on in its development; the discovery is hailed a pivotal new genetic breakthrough . . .

The Professor fades into obscurity, crestfallen, abandoned by both the fair sex he so hopelessly pines for and the troops of zealots who shed their cocks, either literally or symbolically, for him; he appeals the suit several times to no avail. He dies, some years later, in the Bowery, a broken, forgotten husk of a man-sub-thing.

"I'm an American Boy to the core," roars the Virilist candidate on his platform at the Illinois First Annual

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W.H. AUDEN DIED IN 1973. IN 1987 JOSEPH BRODSKY WON THE NOBEL PRIZE. ARAM SAROYAN HAS FADED INTO THE OBSCURITY HE DESERVES. SOME PEOPLE STILL TAKE LEONARD COHEN SERIOUSLY.

Virilist Party Pig Pick and Barbecue, "and I'm aimin' to return this great nation back to basic values and good old pride -- I don't mind telling you I've never been shy about what I'm packin'," he whips out his titanic hog for all to see, "and I'm ready for a newer, better American People! Let me tell you -- I want it all, and I'll accept only the biggest set o' mellons!" The throng explode into mad applause. In Chicago, convention capitol of the country, the call goes up, "big tits or nothing!"

Sexual Pride Organizations and New Traditionalists worldwide bolster the idealistic Zen of virility and erect numerous memorial statues commemorating the legend of John Brown. Bored, Soap-jaded housewives train and organize civic vigilante patrol groups -- "thou shalt not wag inferiority" being Law One, Law Two "the perverts of the inferior races and sizes shall not be permitted to infest our lifestyles nor corrupt the clear, concise thoughts of our children."

They impose nationwide martial law. All Sunday's are reserved for Ritual Execution of subversive militant eunuchs in public parks; All

male children born with inferior genital capacity are subject to lethal injection at birth. Despite its health benefits, circumcision is outlawed in most major countries . . .

The Slut retires to a modest, nick-nack filled Chalet in Innsbruck, Austria.

Filing her nails one day she confesses, "I have no real regrets, the derailment of my education notwithstanding- the fanny fuck that little prick received at the hands of my lawyer was the best slice of pornography I've ever been witness to and honey, you know I know from whence I speak.

"The legal system of America may well pack the biggest beached whale piece of cock I've ever seen."



Lick it
Stamp it
Send it

13 Perkins Ave, Northampton, MA 01060

THE ORIGINAL PERKINS PRESS EDITORIAL 'COLLECTIVE', as photographed by Jason Danziger (legs crossed; chewing). The group may not have lasted more than a few, fertile, frustrating weeks before one passive aggressive ego took over (or six others got bored and walked away) but there are four college degrees in this shot, and two or three more on the way (in context). Mr. Danziger has a show at the Northampton Center for the Arts in September, in conjunction with another 'mystery' artist. The show will consist, if memory serves, of art work, sculpture and 'audible accompaniment.'

SPORT

Will: SHOULD YOU EVER NEED A RETROSPECTIVE.
Sunday, May 13, 1990
10:00 A.M. Main St., Noho.

DISHING LA TOUR DE LA TRUMP BY ANAL LYMAN

"Mona! Did you ever! There must be three acres of Spandex out there! I just tripped over a baby carriage; damned kid spat his pacifier into Hatfield. My stars!"

"Listen Dearie, did you know that they shaved their legs? Love to have the Nair concession, and the liniment! I thought you were being grand when you bought that 5 gallon bucket of Vaseline! They must have a tanker truck loaded with Dr. Sloan's."

"Get stuffed, Mona! I'll put ground glass in your K-Y. Get those legs! I swear that pair looks positively menacing. They could snap you in two. I think I'll buy a bike. Hmm. Wonder if they're doing any hiring."

"Honey, what would you do? Dust bicycle seats?"

"Bitch."

"C'mon, Mary, let's find a perch. Nobody can see us here. It's too crowded."

"Yeah, it's a shame to waste this outfit."

"Oh, get her! Here comes Miss Thing. Do you believe that hat? She buys them at Bradlee's and has her mother sew Bloomingdale's label on them."

"Hiiii Miiichael." Miss thing had her claws sharpened. "Wipe the drool off your chin, honey, it ain't respectable. I might have known the trollop and the tramp would do the Trump. Watch your skirts, dears, with all these aaathletes around, you could get arrested. Then you'd have to escape from jail, darlings."

"Escape!?! Lookit, Marie, if that queen ever lands in jail, they'll have to drop the A bomb to get her out. Next to being in the Navy, she wants to be in jail."

"Did you see that Russian? Pip, pip, for detente, girls. I wonder if Gorby has any more of those at home."

"Well, I just conversed with a Viennese strudel wrapped in Spandex that made my eyes water. And the Bratwurst! Enough to give you a case of the vapors."

"Cheerist! Every fairy in the Valley must be out here. Did you ever see so much jock drag on Main Street? On a Sunday morning? You might think Arnold Schwarzenburger was doing a striptease in Thorne's window at high noon."

"They're off!"

"Do tell!"

"You're blocking my view, Mona, in fact, you're blocking Town Hall!"

"Evil bitch!"

"Where are they?"

"Half-way to Hadley."

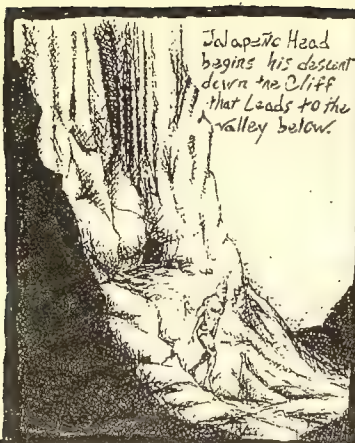
"Jeeez! That's it? A hell of a lot of foreplay -- then pffft -- premature ejaculation."

"Oh, well. There's always the mall. Let's check out the lace counter at Steiger's."

ANAL LYMAN reporting for
FORESKIN PUBLISHING
LAND OF OZ
TELEX: IM1. RU12

DICK SMITH
R.I.P.

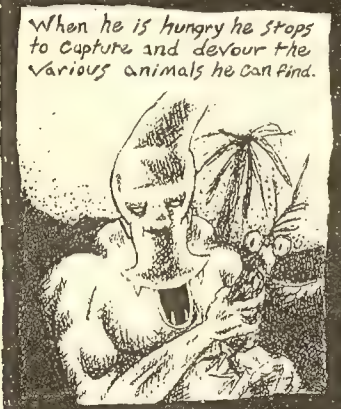




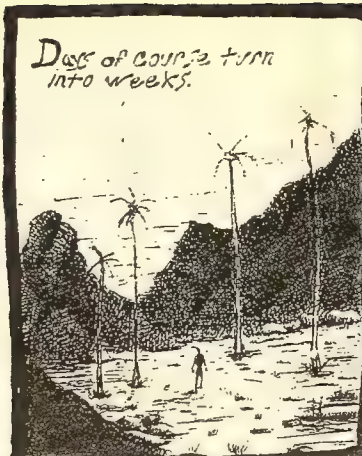
Jalapeño Head begins his descent down the cliff that leads to the valley below.



"Du-huh," says Jalapeño Head as he enters the valley. He walks for days.



When he is hungry he stops to capture and devour the various animals he can find.



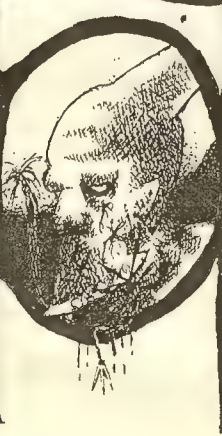
Days of course turn into weeks.



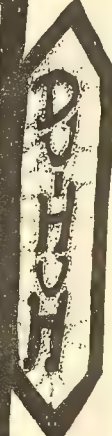
Most memories he forgets.



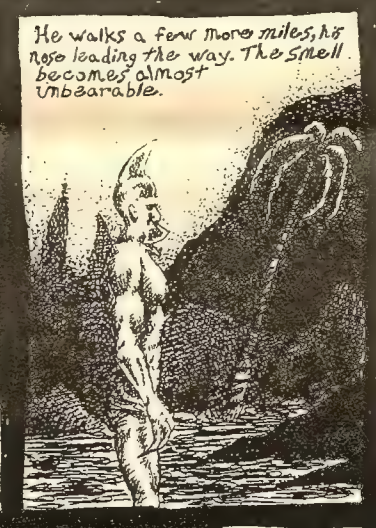
but the Evil ones always stay with him.



More drool from the mouth of Jalapeño Head.



A Stench. An ungodly rancid smell fills the air around Jalapeño Head.



He walks a few more miles, his nose leading the way. The smell becomes almost unbearable.



Mass Murder!
Jalapeño Head stumbles upon a field of slaughter.

MILES

JESSICA WILLIS FICTION

She walked in the door and noticed the fur rug right away, but she didn't let on. It was threadbare in spots, dramatically draped over the ratty green futon she usually posed on. Besides the stereo and the camera equipment, the futon was the only object in the small white apartment.

She dropped her purse on the light blue shag carpet and Jim closed the venetian blinds, slicing the afternoon sun into thin strips. "You you like it? Th the rug? I told you I'd fuh fix up the futon," Jim asked, moving across the room to fiddle with the tripod.

The rug was yellow in spots, littered with burn holes. It might have been pure white once. Miles shrugged and wiped her brow, shivered in the air conditioned air, waiting to be told what to do.

Jim could tell she was disappointed. "It'll look beautiful on fuh film. Ih it's clean." When she didn't nod or look at him he let it pass. He was nervous. Miles looked unkempt yet beautiful in her greasy cut off jeans and tee shirt. Her yellow hair was dirty and clumpy; it looked like she had been twisting it in her fingers all day. Her blood shot eyes fell somewhere over his shoulder, looking at nothing.

He ran his fingers through his hair, jammed his fingers in his pockets, swiped his tongue across his teeth. "I'm suhsorry." Miles was five eight in bare feet, taller than him. He stood on his tip toes around her. She was still bullshit, he could tell.

"Sorry about what? Your fucking idea of a prop during the last session?" She licked her cracked lips and caught his gaze. "That was the first time I ever posed for you and you pulled a knife on me."

I lh duh did not puh pull a knife."

She exhaled sharply, disgusted.

After she looked away he gestured to the futon. "Take off the shirt and puh pull your jeans down to your ankles, My uh, Miles." She complied, and his breath caught in his throat at the sight of her naked almost boyish body. No tan lines. Her nakedness reassured him. "Lie on the futon."

Miles shuffled over to the futon, her shorts bound around her sneakers, and she laid down on her stomach. The fur was soft and oily; it might have been rabbit or dyed bear, or fake. It smelled like plastic. Her breasts and legs began to sweat against the fur.

Jim fiddled with the camera. She pushed her chin against the rug, arms by her sides, jamming her neck up into an unusual angle. "Beautiful," he murmured.

"It's cold in here." She said, shuddering.

Goosebumps prickled along her back.

"I'll turn down the air conditioner in a second," he said between clicks.

The listless heat outside and the cold air in the room made her feverish and drowsy. Unable to hold her head that way any longer, she rested her cheek against the soiled rug and stared blindly into the winking lens.

Miles found his ad in the laundromat early last week: "Model Wanted. Hourly pay." She copied the phone number into her address book but ended up calling between loads of laundry. He picked up the phone on the first ring.

"Wuh why duh do you wahwah want to model?"

The man asked His voice was pleasant but painfully nervous.

Miles leaned against the thrumming washer and looked out the window at the palm trees swaying slow motion. In the reflection of the dusty glass she could see her face sectioned light and dark through the venetian blinds: a pretty face, upturned nose, shiny high cheek bones, straight coarse hair smelling of salt water. Close lipped smile that started from the center of her full lips. "I've always wanted to be a model," she said after a long while.

"Hah ha have you any experience?"

Miles bit her lip and twirled a ragged strand of yellow hair between her fingers. Have you? Have I? His phrasing intimidated her. A man needing a model, a man with ideas, a man of the world. After a long pause he repeated the question.

"Oh-- sorry--no. I got no experience. Uh, I've no experience?" But that wasn't true. Miles and her friends used to borrow Smitty's instamatic and play Model on the beach or in the back yard, using palm fronds as showgirl headaddresses. "Just stuff with girlfriends."

"Like what kind of stuff with girlfriends?" The last comment seemed to interest him immensely. Miles noticed with suspicion that his stutter disappeared when he was sure of himself or in control.

"What kind of guy are you? What's it to you? Are you a pervert?" Her eyes wandered to the bulletin board by the door. Bike for Sale. Housekeeper for Hire. Lost Dog. Did this guy know her? DID HE KNOW IT WAS HER DREAM TO GET PAID FOR STANDING AND STARING?

He laughed and coughed dryly. Nuh nuh nut at all. I'm a fuh fuh tographer. But I'm interested in little girl things. I I try tuh to cap cap tch ture it in muh fuh pho--"

"You always stutter?"

He coughed again. "When I'm ner nuh vous. Ah are yuh yuh you always so strident?"

"Strident?"

"You suh suh sound yuh yuh ung."

"I'm not." She spit her gum into the big overflowing ashtray.

"Do yuh you hah have a lot of fruh friends?"

She could hear rock music in the background, a song she liked; she wasn't sure where it was coming from, here or there. "Used to, then I moved."

"I uh like. . . you," he said with great effort. "I'm not fruh um here eith eith uh."

"Did I say I wasn't from here?" Her stomach clenched with a suppressed giggle. She loved being, as Smitty put it, "difficult for its own sake."

"Lih lih tul twerp. How huh old are yuh yuh you?"

She was humming to the song in the background, not listening.

"Cuh can I meet you?"

"Sure." I'm a model, she thought, leaning against the washing machine in her favorite pose, knees locked, ankles crossed, back arched. Super Modeling Agency Presents Miles. Miles in a moist tank top, cut offs, white

straw cowboy hat and nothing else. Miles in a silk maillot, whatever that was.

"Wuh when?"

"Tomorrow."

"When?"

"Noon. At the restaurant on Federal Highway. I think it's called Jean's."

"Huh how will I know yuh you?"

"I'll wear my white cowboy hat."

"I like uh yuh yuh al ruh ruh --"

"Whatever." She hung up and laughed. Super Modeling Agency Presents the Mysterious Miles. Hell, it was something to do in this stupid town.

During spin cycle she thought about playing model with Anita and Nadia. Miles was always Model: tall and thin with a sheaf of stringy, uneven hair bleached wheat white from the sun; one day under the squat date trees Nadia was a photographer, squinting through the blurry instamatic lens. Miles remembered Nadia's raw, always sunburned shoulders smeared with Noxema, Anita, fat and walnut brown, giggling as Miles stood behind her, holding Anita's already huge breasts cool and clammy underneath her bathing suit. Miles, chin held high, one of Smitty's menthol butts clenched between her teeth; Anita giggling "take the picture" in Cuban Spanish, Miles grinning, unhurried, feeling like a randy little boy.

Nadia's pink sundress was the same color as her skin, Miles recalled. Nadia ready to shoot, legs apart, shoulder straps drooping, "one two three" and the cheap camera pinged as she pushed the button. "I think I broke it."

"You moved. It'll be all blurred," Miles complained, hands still on Anti's breasts.

"Did not." The late afternoon was humming.

Anita giggled again and pulled away.

Later, as the sun went down and the sweet wind came up, Nadia took a picture of Miles by herself, the way Miles liked to be. Miles lying on her side in the sharp, dark grass in her tee shirt and bikini bottoms, head propped in her hand, one sly eye to the camera. Nadia stood at her feet, and the camera eye elongated Miles' long brown legs, making them thinner than ever. Her skin looked perfect, bone white and bruise free against the dark lush green. Miles still had the little square snapshot tucked in the frame of her bedroom mirror; it was the only photograph left from those times. She looked at it every time she forgot she was still young and very pretty.

By the time she finished folding her mother's uniforms, blouses and underwear it was dark, around eight. The wind had stopped blowing. Miles threw her tee-shirt and cut offs on the top of the neat white pile and rubbed her eyes. The humming overhead lights and the cigarettes were giving her a headache. "You need nicer clothes," Smitty always told her. "You're too old to dress like an urchin." Miles picked up the basket and looked at her almost transparent white tee shirt and ragged cut offs. They were the only clothes she had, except for the green bikini and cut offs she had on. "Why fuck with the formula?" Miles retorted. "I like the way I look, I have no reason to dress in other clothes."

Smitty gave her a sharp look. "You're a high school graduate and you need to get a job."

"I'll get a job in what I've got on."

In the deserted parking lot, under the yellowish light of the street lamp, Miles stood there for a moment in the buggy haze, adjusting the basket on her hip, trying to figure out why her heart was beating hard. She waved a moth out of her face and looked at the big old primed sedan across the street, idling, lights off, waiting. Her lips and knees were numb. A boy had been found dead in a Winn Dixie parking lot last week, soaked in gasoline and physically unharmed, it seemed, just dead. He had been missing for months, last seen long after curfew. Smitty had shoved the article in her face, over breakfast, front page of the Herald. Abducted Boy Found Dead, it warned. Smitty tapped the tiny article with her finger nail. "This'll show you not to fuck around outside after curfew."

Miles ignored her then but now, in the buzzing street lamp, nervous dewy upper lip, fluttering mothy heartbeat, she wondered if she should run. If I don't run, how can you case me? She had teased Peter, Nadia's older brother.

So what're you gonna do? He taunted back. Just stand there like a zombie?

She walked fast in to the wet darkness, eyes wide, nostrils sucking in the dizzy smell of hibiscus and rotten vegetation, she knew this turf better than any killer in a car, alleys between the solid black shrubs hiding the identical stucco houses she could no longer approach -- Nadia's and Peter's, Anita's house -- she was thinking, my turf has turned against me, it's no longer familiar. In her giddy, panicked brain she was listing reasons for this uncharacteristic pace, ignoring the answer. Nothing's wrong, really.

Without looking over her shoulder she heard the car make a U turn and its lights went on, sighting her.

How long was he watching me, goddam it, almost naked in that movie screen square of a frigging laundromat

window, she wondered, walking fast but not quite running yet, waiting to save her energy for the moment when she'd have to run, waiting for a signal. Okay, I'm more irritated than scared, it's like being followed on the beach by a pack of hooting men. But her legs were stiff and numb with fear, it was like walking on stilts.

She spat into the street, wondering if she should drop the laundry, but Smitty would shit -- look tough, try to act crazy, like you might puke -- she was weaving all over the road, onto the dense grass, onto the hot blacktop, laughing, hoping she would faint.

She saw her opening a block ahead, Taft street, her street, light as air she broke free of the headlights into her loping high jump gait, covering thirty feet in four strides, thin sneakers finding the astroturf outside their apartment with relief.

And the car crept past, as if she were never there. "Asshole!" She screamed at his tail lights, and she drew a deep trembling breath.

She looked up at their second floor apartment, their living room window, but Smitty's thin silhouette didn't appear in the shifting blue light of the t.v. Smitty was home, she was safe.

Miles was weeping. Her eyes never misted over, she never cried. Nothing was wrong, really. It was probably a blind old lady driving that car, thinking the girl weaving in the headlights was crazy. But Miles was sobbing, unable to breathe, ashamed at her tears and very relieved. Thank

god for the fucking darkness. Thank god no one can see or hear me.

Smitty was slouched in front of the t.v., ashtray full and smoldering on her stomach. Miles mumbled something and brought the laundry basket into Smitty's room. The bed looked like it had been recently occupied by a restless sleeper; sheets and blankets in knots, fitted sheet loosened to expose the stained mattress. Another huge ashtray overflowed chewing gum wrappers and cigarette butts by the pillow. Miles wrinkled her nose. The bedroom smelled like freezer burn.

Miles stood by the t.v., trying to gauge Smitty's mood. She looked like a creature behind a pane of glass, fixated by the blue light. "I'm going to bed, Smit."

Smitty's eyes left the screen for a moment.

"Really? It's early." Smitty sat up a little and looked at her daughter again. "You look a little glassy eyed. What are you on?"

Her cheeks burned guiltily. "Nothing."

"You look wasted."

"I'm not." Is this what wasted feels like, Miles

thought.

The ash tray clanked loudly on the glass coffee table and Smitty stood up, marched over to Miles. With a rough thumb and fore finger she pulled Miles' eyelid wide open and peered into her pupil with a nurse's cold suspicion. Her heavy-lidded weary eyes darted Miles' face like searchlights. "What are you on?" She repeated.

"Someone followed me home," Miles whined, not moving.

"You smell bad and your eyes are dilated."

"It's because I'm scared. Was scared."

Smitty let go of her eye and brushed past her with a grunt. Miles stood there, kneading her browbone, face aching with new tears. Smitty's door slammed and bureau drawers groaned. She could hear Smitty try to light a match, a frustration of ripping sounds, finally a whisper of flame. Miles twitched her nose at the ensuing smell.

She turned off the t.v. Or maybe it was her imagination. Maybe the swoony smell of secret things burning was what she usually smelled when Smitty couldn't sleep.

Now it's morning, Smitty's door opened to a fresh, neat and empty room, last night's squalor a dream. Miles put on her white straw cowboy hat and stood naked in front of her mirror, wondering what she'd let him see, what he'd see without her knowing. Would it be a svelte tan model or a pale, skinny girl jack rabbiting between headlights?

I have a job today, she thought, arching her back, arms locked above her head. With satisfaction she watched her rib cage ripple below her hard little tits. She lowered her chin and stretched. Out the window, beyond the damp, feverish cold of her air conditioner, she could tell it was going to be a hot one. Sprinklers hissing, water turning to steam on the glaring white sidewalks and melting blacktop. She squeezed her breasts, nipples softening in her warm palms. Maybe the hottest one.

Walking along Federal Highway under the stinging white heat, big rushing cars providing the only breeze. Miles considered sticking her thumb out but she didn't trust anyone behind the mirrored glass. She felt naked on the edge of the highway. Smitty told her it was no place for anyone to be walking, especially a girl.

She saw the diner ahead, wavering in the heat. She was thinking about her last season on the varsity track team at Broward County High. She was the best girl high jumper in Dade and Broward County, and with little effort. The last meet was a home game, a dewy Sunday morning in mid June. Miles in her cleats and tiny spandex uniform, away from her laughing team mates, then her slow loping run, sighting on the chain link fence on the other end of the field. Leaping, twisting, arching her back in a painless limbo over the bar, falling soundlessly to the mat below. Coach gripping her arms. You just cleared six eleven, he cried, more out of breath and glassy eyed than she was. Miles smirked and walked to the edge of the field, hands on hips, flexing her back and shoulders to smooth out the kinks. Everyone slapping her, calling her Ice Queen, everyone really good or really bad had a nickname. Ice Queen's gonna be in the Olympics. Miles laughed bitterly inside when she heard that one.

And forgotten after graduation. Miles figured she just slipped through the cracks, that was it. No desire to go to college, go for that scholarship. She did the star athlete in

"SOMETHING COLD FLED ACCROSS HER ABDOMEN. AT FIRST SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A CHILL, BUT IT WAS TOO SHARP, TOO SHARP TO BE INSIDE. MILES SCREAMED."



high school, and really milked it. Now maybe she'd do the star model thing. Yes, she slipped through the cracks, the way Miles liked to be.

Later, in the locker room, shivering in Ben Gay, freshly showered in blue sweats, the coach called her into his office. "They weren't kidding when they said you were Olympic bound," he reminded her. "U Miami wants you." Coach crossed his legs and stroked his stubbly chin. "I'd like to plan on you and me visiting the campus--"

Talk to me about it later." She disappeared from the doorway, not quite believing she was going to do what she had planned all along. Coach, I'm pretending to be an athlete. I'm gonna go through the cracks.

Later, in the school parking lot, waiting for Smitty to come get her, she told Amy Whitehead, the hurdler, she would go to the Olympics only if the high jump bar was made of razor wire. Or if it was a brick wall.

Jean's Diner on Federal Highway tried to look like one of those authentic aluminum sided diners from the 50's, but it had fake brick walls. Perhaps the builders thought aluminum would incinerate the people inside. The sun was so hot, Miles had to mop her brow with a bandana every minute.

A rusty brown Datsun 240-Z was the only car in the parking lot. Miles had always admired the tiny sports cars. She knew right away it was his, whoever he was. She knew him right away. She could picture the man who sat in the tan leather bucket seat, with the melting cassette tapes and McDonald's bags littering the dashboard and passenger side.

It was cold and dim inside. A man sat at the counter. Miles sat a few stools down and out of the corner of her eye she could see him stare long and hard.

"Uh...Heh...he...hello."

She looked at him, expressionless. He was small, maybe five six, hard and wiry. Thick veins roped his forearms. "Are you the person I spoke to on the phone?"

He showed his big teeth. "Are yuh you th th one with th th white cow cow --"

She pointed at her hat and smiled. He was attractive, at least she was attracted, and she blushed beneath her tan. "My name is Miles."

He seemed startled by her name. He passed his hand over his greasy short hair and widened his already surprised brown eyes. "Puh puh per ffect name, my uh Miles." He had deep dimples and crows feet webbing his eyes. "I'm Jim," he said quickly, extending his hand.

Miles stared at his hand a moment before fitting her thin hand to his. With some irritation she felt a thrill when they touched.

As yuh yuh you can tuh tell it's hah hah hard for muh me to tuh tuh talk," Jim began, rubbing his neck slowly. He was embarrassed but he could not take his eyes away from her delicate, sullen face. He wondered how, in all his years behind a camera, all these lonely weeks in Fort Lauderdale, he had never seen this girl. Big misty light eyes. Uneven white hair, sharp chin, smudgy lips. He wanted to tell her everything he wanted to do with her, but his talking disgusted him. He opened his portfolio and gave it to her instead.

She was impressed. Mostly black and whites of cold, beautiful women, too pale to be from around here. A few startling color photographs of shiny skinned, eyebrowless models wearing lip gloss and high heels by a swimming pool. One in particular made her stare for a long time. A naked girl, pug nose, young, floating on a clear air mattress in clear blue ocean water. An ashtray was balanced on her stomach. She stared at the lens malevolently.

"Kuh kuh tuh kweys," Jim said, fingering the plastic sheath.

"You took this in the Keys? Key West?" Jim nodded. "I've always wanted to go there," Miles said. "My mother said we could go but she blew me off. Then again, I blow everything off. I was supposed to go to U Miami in the fall on a track scholarship but I'm sick of track and sick of everything." She bit her tongue to shut herself up, appalled. She never said so much in her whole life. He cheeks burned, her eyes escaped his rapt gaze. "God, I'm sorry. I must sound like an idiot."

He shook his head slowly, no. Miles sighed and swallowed some ice coffee. Jim had very nice arms. His faded green tee shirt strained around his body. Miles crossed her legs tightly and shifted. Her ass was sticking to the vinyl topped stool. She noticed his boots, big leather ones with thick jagged soles and an intricate tangle of laces. "You're not from around here, are you?"

He shook his head again. "Nuh New Yuhhyork", he blurted, embarrassed. "New York."

Miles tried to picture New York and she saw cold, pale models with their faces close to Jim's lens. "I've never been there either."

He shrugged as if to dismiss going to New York. He pointed to his portfolio, changing the subject. He looked at her questioning.

"Yes I like it." She paused. "Am I your type? Of model?" Her heart was beating fast, faster than when she sprinted around the track, faster then when she was being followed.

"Kuh...can you duh duh --" he gave up, exasperated, and pointed to a model's bare body. "Nudity?" There was no doubt in her

mind she could undress in front of him. Pretty soon she would have to masturbate, she was thinking about him in her, on top of her, anywhere. She shifted on the stool again and swiveled back and forth.

Jim watched her, why didn't he bring his camera, he could kick himself, the look on her face. She looked stoned, almost, but she was too sharp to be high. All he could think of was getting this beautiful girl to his place before she mists over and wanders off again. He paid the check and they got out of there.

Jim opened the car door for her and brushed the tapes and paper bags onto the floor. Miles wished she was short; she practically had to touch her toes to fit in the tiny car. Once she was reclining in the bucket seat however, inched from the road, skidding by underneath, she felt mature and secretive, graceful even. Jim turned up the volume on the tape deck and let his wide hand rest on the gear shift.

Jim didn't say a word during the ride, wherever the ride was ending up, Miles didn't care. She rolled her window down all the way and tilted her hat low over her eyes. They were driving north on A1A along the water towards the center of Fort Lauderdale, and she was enjoying the sea breeze and the gurgle of the engine. Miles snuck a look at Jim, who was flexing his jaw like he was chewing an old piece of gum and staring straight ahead. "I walk everywhere. This is such ma treat," Miles yelled over the engine, and Jim nodded, concentrating on the music. A gust of salty wind rocked the car and Miles sighed, tilted her hat back and rubbed her sweaty face. "I feel safe with you," she said, hoping that her words would make it true. Jim glanced at her. "I don't know any men," she added. "I've lived here my whole life and I don't have any friends. I outgrew everyone. My mother thinks the only person I'd get along with was my father, is my father, but he's dead." Miles blushed again. "I can't believe what a motor mouth I am today."

Jim grabbed her wrist and she jumped. She looked at him and he shook his head no again. "Kuh keep tuhuhuhuh ing." He looked angry, his sharp face feral. His nose was wrinkled up, his jaw was pumping furiously. I wuh want to nuh nuh you." He released her wrist and before she knew it they

were chugging up a driveway into a cluster of white stucco condominiums. Miles raised her eyebrows. This was not cheap property, in the side mirror on the door she could see the ocean. She imagined herself naked in his window, morning sun, gazing at the ocean below. Jim getting out of bed and coming up behind her, his arms around her hips, hands sliding between her thighs. She shook the thought out of her head as Jim climbed out of the car. With effort she got the door opened, they were on a steep hill. Miles was thankful for the breeze.

She followed him into a courtyard to the rear of the village. "Do you get a view of the ocean?" She called after him. He shook his head no and they climbed two flights of wide concrete stairs crossing the front of the building.

I ruh rented tuhuh this pluh place for tuhuh sowsouthwuhwuhwest light," Jim said, fiddling with his keys outside the heavy white door. "Nuh nuh not th --"

"Not for the view?" Miles cut him off, irritated with his stutter and disappointed. Jim looked down and his keys stopped jingling. I'm sorry," Miles said quickly.

He shook his head. "Okay."

"I've got a big mouth. I've never had a view," Miles said. "I mean, I don't know --" Jim was staring at her, and she wished he'd open the door, something. He was the first person who waited for her to finish a thought. He didn't seem to mind long silences. "I don't know. Look, I'm nervous and I don't know what to expect."

After she admitted that he slipped the key in the lock, turned it with some effort and put another key in the lock on the doorknob. Miles could tell he was unfamiliar with the door, the apartment, everything. "Do I make you uncomfortable?" She asked, as he struggled with the keys a second time.

"I'm yuhuhused tuhuh wuhwiwoomen luhlike you." The veins in his neck were straining. Miles was sure he was going to kick the door. "Impaytchtent."

"Give me the keys."

He handed them over immediately.

Within seconds the door was open. The apartment was airless, filled with striped venetian blind light. White walls, blue shag carpet the color of a swimming pool. A naked futon against one wall, camera equipment against the other, an expensive stereo heaped in the far corner of the huge living room. The space seemed dirty, although there was nothing else in it. Not dirt, really, Miles thought, just ignored.

"I in the buh buh buh back ruhruhrooms," Jim said, and pointed to a high ceilinged loft above the living room. Opaque green glass facing west walled the upstairs space.

"It looks like I'm looking through a coke bottle," Miles remarked. "Why don't you furnish this place? It's too beautiful to leave bare like this."

Jim wasn't listening. He was setting up his tripod, adjusting the air conditioner. Miles watched him unscrew an enormous zoom lens off the camera body, and search for another lens. Miles walked over to the window. "What do you take pictures of with that big lens? Stars?"

"Puhpeepuhpul."

She turned around. A small lens was on the camera now. Jim cleared his throat. "Far away people?" She asked. She did not want to take off her clothes. Sure, I can do nudity, she had said a while ago. She saw herself running home, naked. It would be a long distance run. She was sweating. Jim leaned behind the camera and the shutter blinked. Miles folded her arms across her chest. Her tee shirt was transparent. "I'm not ready."

"Yes you are."

The shutter was winking uncontrollably. His new clear even voice scared her. "You didn't stutter." She thought of the country singer who didn't stutter when he was singing on stage. Because he was in control? Doing what he loved to do?

After a few more uncomfortable frames Jim looked up again and Miles uncrossed her arms. She had sweated through her tee shirt; the cloth was ice cube transparent. Oh who cares, Miles thought, arms limp at her sides. Just do what I'm told.

She was aware only of her parts: her shoulders, the angle of the chin, hips, arms. Every fingertip and toe was accounted for, as she eased into this new self conscience her gangly wholeness evaporated. She was hardly aware of Jim murmuring behind the camera.

These are my parts, she thought, and the tee shirt lifted over her head, knocking her hat to the floor. For a moment the cotton was pulled taut over her face like a scrim, Peter's face nearing hers, eyes slipping shut as she stared wide eyes, mouths awkwardly twisting together -- not Miles but pieces, digging nails, reedy calves, creasing torso, puffy slack lips and the shirt was high over her head, as her skin prickled with heat she giggled and bit her finger, staring at the opposite wall.

Jim stood up suddenly and groped for another container of film. Her wholeness, Miles naked in front of a male strangeness seeped back and she knelt down quickly and put her hat back on. Hugging herself, she watched him reload. Reminding her of a transitory moment with Peter, kissing her and feeling her for a long time Miles willing to do anything, then Peter pulling away to fumble with her fly, the momentum lost suddenly and shamefully remembering themselves and their goal.

"No, Peter." Clambering away like a crab on the cold sand.

"C'mon Miles, it's --"

"No." A girlish whine in her voice, frightening her. Peter flushed and sweaty, spikes of dark hair circling his face, cock fairly pulsing in his swim trunks. Miles standing up suddenly, brushing off her unfastened jeans. "I'm going home." Before he could stand up she was halfway toward the boardwalk, sighting on the swaying palms and the bruised red sunset.

Jim's eyes flinched and he nodded at her fly. She unzipped her cutoffs and sat on the futon. "Don't tuh take them off," he ordered, leaning behind the camera.

Miles put her elbows between her knees. The camera was off the tripod, whining at her back. With every frame she flinched. Whatever he pays me, it's not enough, she thought, slowly sliding forward until her damp forehead was touching her knees.

Lying on the futon, on her back. Evening sun burning through the upstairs windows, uncertain of how much time has passed. Lying on the warm hood of Peter's car, waiting for him to mope his way back to parking lot. When he returns his hard on is gone.

"You're a real bumner, Miles."

She raised her head off the hood but couldn't see him, it was too dark. "I'm not into it, is all."

"You always say that," he whined. "What about what you said last night?"

"What about it?"

"You said you were bored."

"I didn't lie."

Peter scuffed his feet against the gravel, tried abortively to start a few sentences. "Don't you wanna . . . not be bored and fool around?" He exhaled. "C'mon. It's not like I'm a stranger." His voice cracked, it was about to be deep, one of these days.

She looked up at him again and could see his stoop shoulders, his wild black hair. Long narrow bumpy nose, an overbite that made him look like he was always grimacing. "Peter, you and Nadia are like brother and sister to me."

"Nadia hates you."

Her stomach burned, but it was no surprise. "And why's that?" She asked, voice trembling. "Because her brother wants to fuck me?"

Peter whistled. "Maybe she's right. You are a fuck up. She thinks you've totally changed."

Miles sat up. "What's wrong with that?"

Peter kicked at the gravel for a while. "She says you're a snob."

She slid off the hood of the car, legs weak with rage. "What's wrong with that? And what do you think? Huh you fuckin baby? You gonna rot here the rest of your life?" She wanted to scream, punch, but her voice was strangled in the dense air. When she stopped flailing her arms into the darkness the engine started with a cough. Peter sat behind the wheel, waiting. The next day he left for his first year at some boys school in New England, "so you can be bored and pose and rot on your own."

You're not rotting here -- something cold fled across her abdomen. At first she thought it was a chill, but it was sharp, too sharp to be inside. She sat up. Jim was dragging a knife across her skin, taking pictures with one hand, sighting on the knife with a microscopic intensity. Miles screamed and slid away. "What! What are you trying to do? She thought she was going to collapse. Before she knew it she was against the wall, breath coming in little shrieks. Jim's wide open hurt face returned, his lips trembled with fear. I duh duh didn't scratch tch tch yuh yuh --" Jim was against the opposite wall, huddled around his camera. "Suh suh suh --"

"Fuck you! You never asked me! You scared the shit out of me!" Her voice was muffled in the airless room. Like screaming under water.

The light became purple then dark. Miles and her strangled sobs, shuddering to silence and then rising. Jim's soft, soothing jabbering.

IT'S YOUR THANG

if I

could find the words to describe

the void that is created by

the need to show a word,

I would not

have to gasp and shiver

to contain
my breadth of intuition

if I were

to be or not

without

the need to represent

the erratic eclectic electric energy
erupting, and

were left to guess . . . or know

the digital explosions behind the barred
exit

of voice and countenance - - - -

would we fall

aligned

to the rhythm

of time

and tide

without

the angst

created by

the need

to show

a word?

NICOLE RALSTON



poets

how is it, poets, that i am
succulent fruit
fertile ground
luscious swamp?

and how is it, poets, that i am
salty tempest
fiery rose
beguiling serpent?

tell me, poets, am i
fresh lilly
morning dew
a dove?

and now i have one more question, poets

how will you know my daughters
when all the trees are gone?

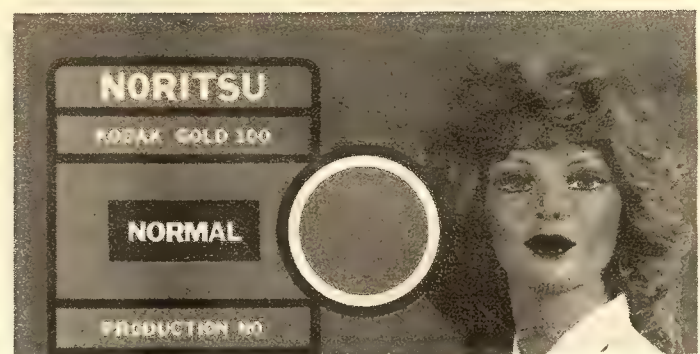
L. Alvarez

THIS . . . IS HADLEY

It was the dry season when I came home to start the process of hitting rock bottom. On the drive in, I passed what looked like an old high school class mate throwing bits of junk in the back of a pickup where an old barn used to stand. I got out and walked over and yeah, it was him. Tommy Murkowski, Hopkins Academy class of '87, THE BEST OF TIMES! the yearbook cover screamed. We shook hands and I asked him what the hell he was doing. He grinned sheepishly. "I got nabbed for burning down around ten of these barns. I'm about the closest this town's ever come to having a real, live serial criminal. I just did six months in the can, now I gotta clean up this shit." He grabbed a spade and went to work on a mound of ashes. "I was a volunteer fireman. So get this, heh heh: I set the fires, then I go home to wait for them to call for me to come help put 'em out. Talk about having your cake and eating it too. The dummies couldn't figure out 'till after the eighth one why I was the first person at the scene every time." He brayed with laughter, and I joined in. The he started coughing, and dropped his shovel. When he subsided, I took out some cigarettes and we smoked a while in silence. Finally, I asked Tommy what he thought about when standing there, watching his own flames eat away at the red planks, the tin roof turning black before collapsing. He looked down and dropped his cigarette, stamping it out. He thought a while, then he chuckled. "You know what Edward R. Murrow said as he watched the Nazis blitz London? He said 'WHAT A GREAT EFFORT IS THIS TO BURN A PUNY CITY!'"

Me and Tommy were out there all day shoveling those ashes.

STEVE K. FELDMAN



BEN GREEN PHOTO



CONFESSING TO A YOUNG PRIEST

When I eat peaches
I shimmy.
I wear lipstick morning
'til dreamtime
and short dresses
with love notes sewn up
in the hem.
Handsome strangers-
I imagine them.
Got a weakness
for forbidden things
like a young man who listens
and preaches
and sings.

CORRINE DEWINTER

FUCKING POETRY

and other subjects

ENTRY

1
On waking this morning
I took myself in hand
and summoned bright visions
of young women happy
To be with me their skin
Wet their eyes green and clean
As I lay my hand stroking
My penis red and thick
Pounded into them

2
My body electric
I came depositing
Neatly a milky pool
Above the pubic hair
An oily puddle which
Without speedy action
Would spill off to the left
Or right over my hips
And onto the sheets.

3
And I made no movement.
I lay like a june bug
Immobile
on its back
The weight of my semen
Dangerously present
At my underbelly
Bearing down a weapon
Blunt fleshy threatening
To split me open.

PAUL ABBOTT

A SEXUAL THEORY OF GOVERNING

Our chairs wait like women
whose heads are stuck between banisters
After roll call we take our seats together
except the Senate Majority Whip who stands
behind his chair and squeezes
the rungs, its legs, its back
while he holds the floor.

SENATOR CORWIN ERICSON

RUGBY

On Saturdays I pray for mud
and fill a thermos with hot
embalming fluid.
I make my way
down to the no-man's land
beyond the dike to watch striped and fierce women
cracking bones in the drizzle.

Ambulance men pace and hover
with morphine smiles and ripe,
bursting black bags
as I drift on the violent madrigals,
pulse throbbing,
unable to flinch
at the vulpine plastic grimaces,
the grime-matted ponytails,
the high-octave cries of
"shit" and "fuck"
that waft up to seed the clouds
dripping divine lubricant down
on the roiling fracas.

But damn!
The air horn groans,
sodden and lachrymose --
the signal that sends them all away
to hidden places
where they strip off their dirt tuxedos
and lovingly bandage each other's lacerations,
anticipating a drink-up soaked
with beer and camaraderie.

And I'm left standing by the bruised, naked field,
heart dripping into my shoes,
damp

damp,
wishing only to become shower steam
and liniment.

Steve K. Feldman

JOEL PAXTON
WOOD ENGRAVING



Mao's Tongue

HEAD

My tongue probes the seashell salt
that spirals down to your darkest desires
your deepest memories
I lick the crevices and thrust my tongue in deep
You fit my mouth so right, so round
when I breath my face gets hot
I suck the silent music that has entered here
and disappeared, over and over
Some of the notes are mine
You sigh, though you may not have heard
and my tongue roams and flicks the fleshy point
the one you used to play with
to keep away the nightmares
it's protected by your seashell design
I nibble, you squirm and sigh
soaked to the skin, delicious
you know, my love,
You have such a beautiful ear.

LAURA A. COOK

Swimming

by Mao Zedong

(Written in May 1956 after he first swam
the Yangzi)

Great plans are being made;
A bridge will fly to join the north and south,
A deep chasm become a thoroughfare;
Walls of stone will stand upstream to the west
To hold back Wushan's clouds and rain
Till a smooth lake rises in the narrow gorges.
The mountain goddess, if she is still there,
Will marvel at a world so changed.

SURFING ON YOUR OCEAN

I am surfing on your ocean.
White breasts lurch like
breakers on your ribs.
My cock is a salmon surfboard.
It's purple prow noses your frothy bush.
your thys up turning,
cellulite ripples in candlelite
like choppy nite water.

Your hips lift me like swelling surf.
I glide, not pumping.
Your hands grip my erotic shakra
at spine-sides just above hips.
Your heels hook my apple-slice cheeks,
and propel me along your flesh,
reminding me not to pump.

Your eyes are permanently popped out expectantly.
Having already cum, you've got
an ocean of time to feel full
awaiting my own cream that brings
our final brimming-over.

ERIC WALGREN

WORTHY PLUG OF THE MONTH

WHAT: New Recording Studio.
NAME: Northampton Recording Studio.
WHERE: 150 Main Street, Thornes, upstairs.
HOURS: All night, every night.
WHO: Tom Mahnken 586-8970.
CONVERSATION: Tom Mahnken is buying lunch for the editorial staff (1) of PERKINS PRESS. It's a tax deductible thing, in the spirit of publicity, as the youthfully vibrant Mr. Mahnken talks, between slurps of veggie chili, of the newest, bestest, most exciting non-existent as yet, recording studio in town.

Famed as the other happy player in local pop band **Fifth Business**, as well as Bonducci counter person, open mike hero and security man about town, Tom stresses, believably, that there's something special about this new venture, all the while managing to build his new studio up, without tearing any existing ones down.

So what do we have? It's a recording studio with a 16 track digital facility, with analog sound available as wished for. Its also going to be "goddam cheap", no more than \$20 an hour, which generally comes in about \$85 for

a digital recording or \$25 for an analog. There will also be block rates. So you could get a "really decent" demo tape for \$50 each, in a four person band.

Why? "I didn't have enough money to record as much as I'd want, so I figured it was easier to own my own."

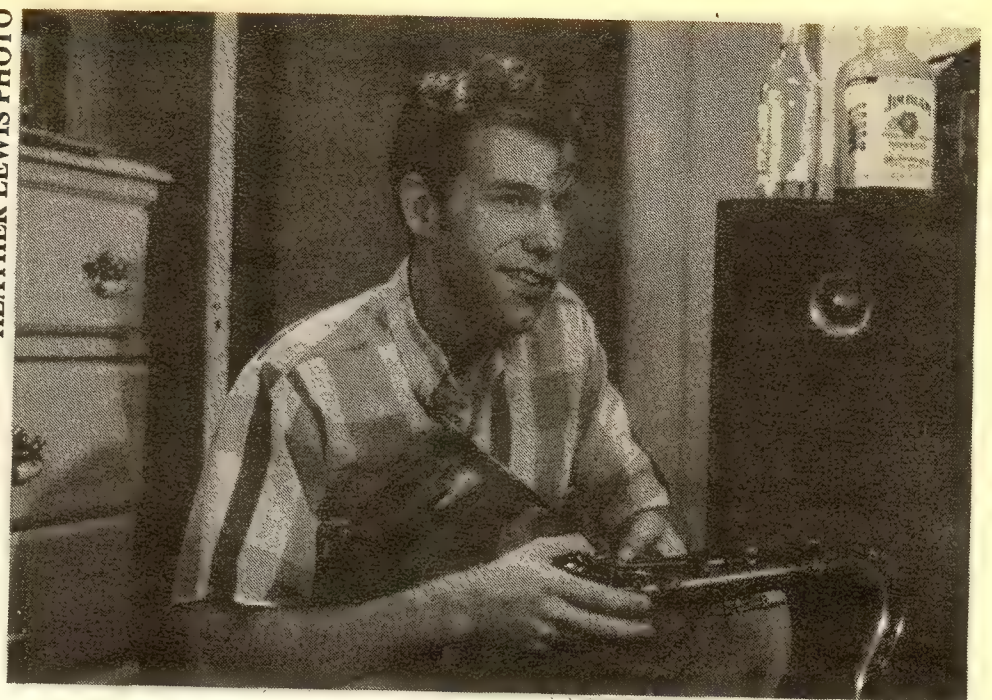
How? This has come about through a process of borrowing money and owing it for the next five years, on the basis of being "a friendly guy around town. Trustworthy too. I'm doing it alone with a lot of volunteers and some investors, all of whom have an interest in art and music."

What else? Tom is 24 years old, has been making music for 12 years, and used to record with two regular tape decks taped together. he's also done a "lotta freelance base playing in Vermont and Springfield, because there's not a lot of money in this town. I played 100 gigs last year with 5 different bands." Styles verge from Swing to R&B to dixie land bands.

He thinks this venture will "pay the bills" to the point that he plans to go to Europe next year, "only because of the way the tax system in this country works."

He lived in New Orleans for a year, due to a love, and played in a blues band. His first day there his car got stolen, with his guitar and amp, thus

HEATHER LEWIS PHOTO



"delaying my debut." He suggests one stay off Rampart Street after dark, and that one frequent Maple Leaf Bar on Sunday's to see the **Iguanas** play. "I'd plug them, after myself."

Location? 150 Main Street, AKA Thornes, way upstairs, sharing the space with the dance studio. "But we won't be impeding dancers," Tom is careful to point out. Opening in July, the business hours will be early evening and "all night every night. If I can stay awake there's 50 hours I can record every week." The name will be "Northampton Recording" and it will be listed.

Important Difference -- "We're not gonna be snobby, 'Our technology is the best in the world, Paula Abdul style', we're more like the good ole' days. Our

motto is 'you're not gonna sound good if you don't'. We won't have a sound ready at the door, but we will produce if its wanted. "If people wanna bring their own engineer they can, no pets though." Two elevators are available. Ray Mason will be the first guinea pig and "we just make records, we don't press them."

"I'm keeping a level head and displaying amazing astuteness for whatever it is I do."

There's been some good interest in the studio, "I'm only gonna shmooze people I like -- 50% is me chasing and the rest will be responses to ads and so forth."

We wind up with philosophical musings that elicit a fine quote to end on: "pop is now the alternative; grunge and heavy metal is the mainstream."

TWO SHOWS NO INTERVIEWS

Tribe 8
June 15 '93
Majestic Theater, Easthampton

A woman is stripped to the waist spending a lot of time on her knees, occasionally stroking or otherwise referring to a black strap on dildo. She sings, moans and screeches into a microphone as four women behind her thrash and warble themselves into a frenzy, or, in quieter moments, laugh, either at the lead personality/singer or us.

They give one long hard raw roar: four competent young musicians and one edgy lead, treading somewhere between originality, Patti Smith, Iggy, and several hundred other facile comparisons. There are occasional crescendos above and beyond the steady wall of noise, and the lead tends to keep one entertained. Subtlety is not a strong point.

That the show had to be put on in Easthampton is more a reflection of Northampton mores than the quality of the band, who were far more inspiring than any recent Northampton gig. Northampton doesn't get this kind of teeth grating energy, only recycled "alternative". The audience was Northampton, however, and the marriage of the pseudo scary to the pseudo-pseudo was a fine show.

To wit: "FemBitchTop", a throaty anthem to SM, inspired a feminine young lady to advance the singer, a kneeling Miss Breedlove, and apply nipple clamps in addition to yanking on the hair of the magnificently indifferent singer, who obliged with a tender yelp.

"Neanderthal Dyke" was the stomped for encore. Three people in the audience admit to knowing it. The song is introduced thusly: "You've heard of Andrea Dworkin?" (This is near Northampton. Somebody cheers.) "Yeah, those middle class white women who tell us who's a feminist. Well, fuck you. I like women in high heels and lipstick."

Its hard to listen to these women without falling just a little in impossibly

unrequited love. The song that follows should be the theme song to something local: "Neanderthal Dyke, [ditto], Feminist theory gets me uptight." Unfortunately, the forty or so women look around as Breedlove sings this, not sure which way it fits with the ideology de jour. At the same time an into it posture is adopted with evident straining. Those pesky inner conflicts.

Lezbophobia, Chicken Shit and Power Boy are other standouts, all pushed in our face with an indifference to social politeness, pop politics and sexual confusion.

In fact, its a rare show when everyone looks as uncomfortable as I feel. Forty or so women with short hair and jeans sway just enough to be in motion, not quite enough to be judged, toes tapping and heads swaying like MTV in slow-mo. Everyone seems to be less than an arms length from their lover. Occasional attempts at feminine slamming are fleeting, but amusing. At one point a woman does a little flame eating in front of the stage in time to a song about something else. The crowd moves back. Quickly. Then, like a holiday tour, everyone moves in close to catch the pseudo exhibitionistic SM.

Some token males pepper the audience. Occasionally a couple of larger, bolder, older females try to start a mosh pit and fail. One of these, the flame eater, flicks her shoulders at smaller hipped women who flinch away nervously.

Best show of the year, showing up the weakness of we with a power and glory that'll shine long after we've forgotten our petty embarrassments.

Mahia Kobayashi is on bass, Lynn Flipper on rhythm guitar, Maria Jones on drums, Leslie Mah, lead guitar and Lynn Breedlove on vocals. Show produced by Bex Zumbruski.

Linée T. Perroncel
July 11 '93
North Star, Northampton

This is a decidedly more formal affair. Linee T. Perroncel does lead vocals and rhythm guitar to the accompaniment of David Howard on lead guitar. Not a dildo or nipple clamp in sight.

Described as a contemporary folk experience, the two play their subtle hearts out on a bare dance floor, backed by a fishy mural. Tables are dotted around the performers, as waiters and waitpersons tirelessly pour water from the left. As dead

fish get masticated by the civilized audience, misleadingly gentle music floats.

One will remember local performer Perroncel from her harder, larger band Back to Jersey at Sheehans, Mount Holyoke etc. The gender thing didn't come into it: one companion swore it was Lou, in the good old days before the Vespa ads. She wasn't screaming, screeching or howling exactly, it was singing, but it was also different: some basic sense of passion. Her voice had an authority.

And so it is in this stripped down, singing at dinner time format. Passion is passion, with a zillion electronic amps or without, you'll still be touched. Songs about self pity and the necessity of rising up, of broken relationships and closing your eyes merge with a lilting sense of rhythm and harmony that drops forks and makes people stare with their ears.

A Miss Betsy joins on growls for one number, adding an element of pleasant grating to the proceedings and Miss Perroncel does a version of Jane Says that one may remember from an all boy band, but here the song seems to make more sense: she sings it like she wrote it. A Springsteen number evokes a similar reflection. A thorough talent, with a tape at any decent local record store now.

FAILED INTERVIEWS:

Most issues of the Press carry interviews with famous musicians (Fugazi, Billy Bragg, Lydia Lunch?) so we may appear legitimate and occasionally meet a minor hero. We tried for this final issue and failed heartily. Excuses:

Belly: flavor of the moment, we contacted a Deb Bernadini at Warner Bros. in New York who requested a copy of our paper before negotiations continued. A week later we were accepted into the mainstream pantheon that the Feed the Tree musicos seem to embrace. We were told to drive to Boston in order to attend a press conference. Car crashed on the way, causing a delay. Big man at club door said we were not on the list.

Tribe 8: Amid much excitement after their show, a hasty arrangement was made for a breakfast thing the following day, but the band opted to breakfast in New York. Phone numbers were bandied about and three calls made, the final one receiving a hang up.



DA ARTS

COOKING

BOB'S LUNCH BY JEAN SHELBY

It's summer and you haven't been to the beach yet because you're too embarrassed to put on a bathing suit. You've been dragging ass all season, probably because you've been eating only ice cream, hot dogs and picnic food. You need to eat healthy but it seems too much like work and the food's no good.

Do I have a surprise for you! My friend Bob, a victim of his love for desert, found out he was diabetic a couple of years ago, and after a time of rebellion decided to stick (most of the time) to a diet prescribed by his diabolical dietitian. But it ain't bad.

No saturated fat, no flour, no processed sugar, no meat, no dairy products. What else is there? Well, I've managed to cook enough stuff to keep the guy happy at lunch time -- and I find myself eating that way too. Give these things a whirl!

Here are some of my best recipes:

AVOCADO SALAD

3 diced avocados (pit and peel removed)
1 diced red onion
1 diced bell pepper (red or green)
2 crushed garlic cloves
1/4 c. lemon juice
1/4 c. olive oil
2 Tbs. finely chopped fresh cilantro
2 diced native tomatoes (optional)
2 diced jalapenos (optional)
salt and pepper to taste.

Mix all ingredients in a bowl and serve within 2 hours.

MEXICAN VEGETABLE STEW

sauté in 1/8 c. olive oil:
2 diced onions
1 diced red pepper
1 diced green pepper

2 stalks diced celery
2 crushed garlic cloves
simmer several minutes till vegetables begin to soften, then add:
16 oz. can diced or crushed tomato

16 oz. can black beans
2 Tbs. (or more) chili powder
2 Tbs. (or more) ground cumin
1/2 tsp. cayenne pepper
salt and pepper to taste.

Simmer 5-10 minutes, then add:

1 sliced zucchini squash
1 8 oz. package frozen corn
or one cup fresh.

When squash is cooked (about 5 minutes) top with fresh chopped cilantro and serve.

CURRIED ROASTED VEGETABLES

3 thin sliced red skin potatoes
2 thin sliced carrots, cut on the diagonal
1 sliced eggplant cut 1/2" x 1/2" x 2"
1 large onion sliced like the eggplant
1 large red bell pepper cut in strips
4 whole cloves garlic not peeled

Coat lightly with olive oil, then sprinkle with:

1 Tbs. curry powder
1 Tbs. cumin
1/2 tsp. cayenne pepper

Roast on a greased cookie sheet in a 400 degree oven, stirring occasionally so the vegetables cook evenly, about 30-40 minutes, or until the potatoes are tender.

Season with salt and pepper and serve piping hot over brown rice. You may top with fresh chopped cilantro if desired.

EGGPLANT ON THE OUTDOOR GRILL

Cut 2 eggplants or more lengthwise in

1/2" slabs, then marinate for several hours in:

1/4 c. olive oil
3-5 minced garlic cloves
1 Tbs. wine vinegar
1 Tbs. fresh chopped basil leaves
Salt and pepper to taste

When ready to serve cook on hot grill outdoors a few minutes on each side. These are a tasty side dish or may be used as an entree over brown rice.

CRACKED WHEAT COUS-COUS

Sauté in 2 Tbs. olive oil:

3 minced garlic cloves
1/8 tsp. dry red pepper
1 diced onion

1 diced red pepper
after vegetables begin to soften, add:

3 cups fine bulgar (cracked) wheat
2 1/2 cups water

1 Tbs. curry powder
1 Tbs. cumin

1 tsp. turmeric
salt and pepper to taste

Heat just until wheat softens over low heat (about five minutes). Remove from heat and add:

1/8 cup raisins
1/8 cup unsalted dry roasted peanuts
2 diced scallions

Serve hot, alone, or with the curried roasted vegetables or the eggplant on the grill, or with sautéed zucchini squash or any other vegetable, or make a veggie stew to go with it (recipe follows).

COUS -COUS VEGGIE STEW

Sauté in 2 Tbs. olive oil:

1 chopped onion
3 minced garlic cloves
1/4 tsp. dry red pepper
1 diced bell pepper

After several minutes add your

choice of the following vegetables (6 cups total). All veggies should be in large chunks

fresh green beans
sliced zucchini or yellow squash
diced eggplant
diced carrot

diced butternut squash

diced potato

diced turnip

diced sweet potato

barely cover with water, add seasonings

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. turmeric

1/2 tsp. cumin

1/4 tsp. cayenne or more if you like spice

1/8 cup chopped fresh parsley

1/2 tsp. dry or 1 Tbs. fresh mint

Cover and simmer over low

heat 10-20 minutes till veggies are cooked, then add

1 (16 oz.) can crushed tomato

Salt and pepper to taste

Simmer 5 minutes and serve over cous-cous.

No collection of Bob's meals would be complete without one of his favorite foods -- Here's what Bob eats when he blows his diet. Go for it!

BOB'S PEPPER BURGER

Using the same outdoor grill as you use for the eggplant, cook:

1/4 pound lean hamburger patty (very rare-still mooing)
top with cheese

serve on ma toasted onion roll
smothered in fried onions and peppers
add salt and pepper to taste

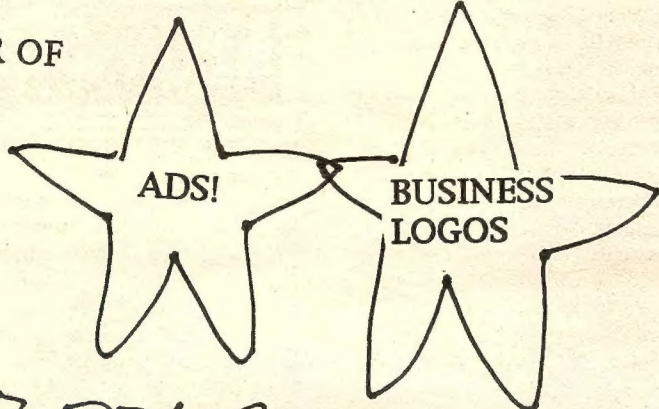
I should also add that there are plenty of recipes that will work for this diet in back issues of PERKINS PRESS, like gazpacho, veggie chili, curried eggplant and more. I know you saved all my columns, so dig them up.

Photo by Crispin Mathieu



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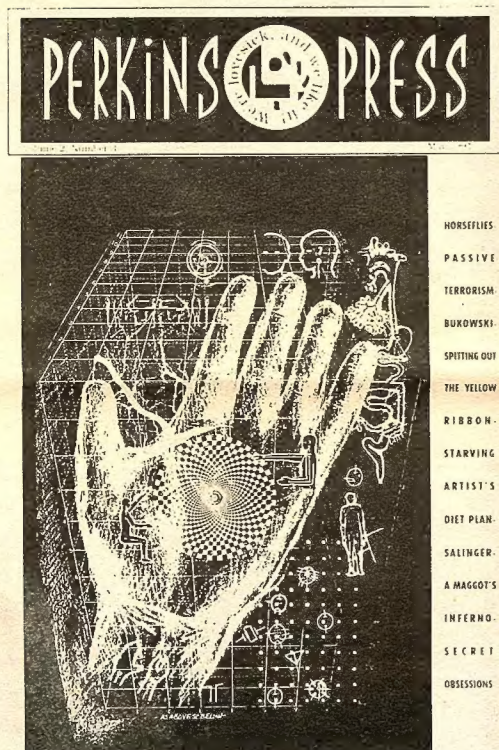
DEC '90: Dondi Ahearn cover. Intro. issue, Why Gals Have To and Slippery Dick & the final Tall Tales.



MARCH '91: Lila Valone cover. Smith College Porn, Gulf War Perspectives, Marvin the Maggot.



APRIL '91: Deb Donnelley cover. Leah Delaria, Fugazi/ interviews, Updike's strange geese thing.



MAY '91: Kathy Lewis cover. Horseflies interview, passive terrorism, Salinger, A Crush..



SUMMER '91: Jim Andrews cover. Bread & Circus scandal, RRR Records interview, lizards & letters.



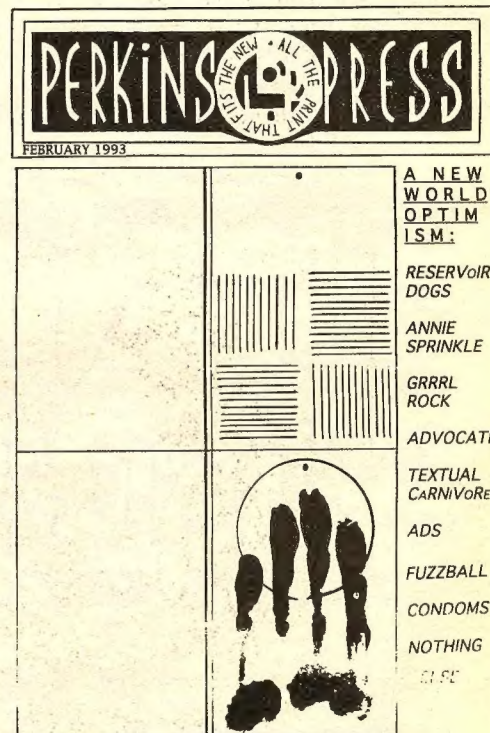
MARCH '92: Matt Lampiasi cover. Billy Bragg interview, family history, big full page ad!!



SUMMER '92: Lila Valone cover. Dave Marsh interview, Advocate scandal, Guatemalan story.



NOV. '92: Yohah Ralph cover. Lydia Lunch interview, Andrea Dworkin, Rolls Royce.



FEB. '93: Keith Hollingworth cover. Annie Sprinkle interview, Pleasant St. Theater scandal, PP sexism.



Letters to the Editor

NICE

To Whom it may concern,
I am a resident of Northampton and I have some poems. I'm wondering what I need to do to have them published in your "Perkins" newspaper. Certain kinds of poetry? Will I get paid? When do I have to have the poem(s) in by (date) for the next publication(s)?, typed?
If you could give me some information, I'd greatly appreciate it.
Sincerely,
Mary Hayes

Dear Mary,
Thank-you for your kind letter. We here at PPHQ are often asked such questions, but rarely with such a gentleness of tone and clarity of expression. The answers you seek are: 1/ all; 2/ no; and 3/ anytime.
Sadly, Perkins Press has ceased publication and therefore it is suggested that you contact the Valley Optimist's new "literary section" editor or the Paris Review. Thank-you again and keep writing!

Dear Perkins Press Folks;
Hi! Great magazine/newspaper . . . periodical. Could you please send your back issues. Yes, you say they're free with a SASE, but somehow I don't think your average envelope would appreciate being the carrier for 9 Perkins Presses. Therefore, since I'd also like one of those beautiful PP fashion statements, i.e.: T Shirt -- could you please send them with the t-shirt? (Please?)

I'm happy there's a publication like PP around, wishful that I could someday do something of the sort, and envious of those who dreamed this thing up! Anyway thanks, and hope to see my t-shirt, back issues soon, as well as a new copy of PP soon (when is the next one coming? Come on!!) Thanks greatly.

Gracias,
Erica Quin
Wilbraham, MA

Dear Erica,
Thank-you: for your kind letter. You are, in humble point of fact, the only person to have sent PP a ten dollar bill and to have requested a t-shirt and the back issue catalog at the same time, all requested with kind words and neat handwriting. In the process of giving up on the whole darned thing, your letter popped through the PP door and hope was restored for just one more issue. Amazing what a letter can do.

Dear Perkins Friends:

Just went back to Northampton, my former hometown, recently. Both houses, on Market and Arnold, where I used to live are now parking lots.

I witnessed the gentrification process that started around 1978, expelling the natives, musicians, artists, the mentally ill from the town.

I read your paper and found it interesting. I'm sending some of my words for your consideration. My mate, Gladys and myself, put it together: illustrations, fiction, poetry etcetera.

We did it out of boredom and the personal and intellectual mediocrity of most co-workers, with 3rd rate college degrees. The paper had a short live and few chosen readers; however, the fun of writing never stops.

You may edit and correct; do not touch the vocabulary, it is like a puzzle. yours,

Raul feliciano
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Raul,

Thank you for your letter and your interesting use of vocabulary and grammar. The gentrification process is still in full swing as a few mentally ill folk are still kind enough to roam our streets; the musicians and artists all left the area years ago however.

NASTY

William --

I just got your letter, no salutation: Hi Kristen, how are you? Your letter burned my ass, so full of self pity and manipulation. You and your preconceived ideas of me, always setting yourself up for disappointment, because that's the easy way out, wallow in cynicism. You just can't take it just yet; someone that may love you, sabotaging anything, all that we ever could grow to have; using petty subtle mockery of my lifestyle as a relief, my perfect potting life. Do you want to feel hurt rather than to go through a process; of loving and learning that may or may not end with your desired outcome? I choose the latter, the first way is so lonely. You're no monster to me. I continue to care and write/call you. Everyone on the earth is a confused tortured soul that's why there are other people, it's what you do with it. One can't assume anything about their neighbor. You looked at me and knew I was the one, just doesn't do it; it's not real, it's grabbing at some thing. You know that there is no instant cure, remedy, no instant true gratification; romanticism goes so far to fill that void.



I was drawn to your passion, I felt it when we would kiss, that passion stems from an anger so strong and stormy, full of self hatred from how you were when you were drinking. You haven't drank in 3 years and those demonic thoughts/ feelings linger like a nagging cough that keeps you up at night. It's almost more difficult now because each every one of your moods, swings clean and clear. But don't write to me about how you just want me and you're going crazy, you can't keep still, in a bad state. I feel no empathy for that (on the contrary I do know the word, wise ass) and have felt only a feeling of pathetic tenderness while reading your letter. Because you're not even looking at me, you're just shouting what you want, as though I'm what you need; yet you can't stop running around enough to see that I'm here, writing.

Your letter was cold and harsh, snow blowing cock of shit. Youth isn't a terrible time, it's just a time, it's complex and nobody ever got a handle on it all or parts or anything. Stop thinking you're so different, get out of THAT ever loving head of yours. -- It was a suggestion to meet in a place where we both were unfamiliar with to have a new experience together. No rules. God! you must feel so out of control, don't push me out of your life so you can have another story to go alongside a prom-princess-in-pearls-picture in PP. "Yeah, I read it." "Yeah, I was religious, then something happened." Doesn't mean anything . . that story ["CRUSH", PP 6/91].

No, you don't disgust me, William, with your half told blurry past. Just don't grab in desperation at something/one you don't know about except for what you fabricated in your mind. Take a step back . . I'm here. So, as always, I wish you well,

Kristen Lyons
San Francisco

Dear William

My phone call to you last night left a chill in my heart and drew no comfort; if we ever meet again in this short lifetime, I will wonder at you and smile away at what may have been, had we built the walls around instead of between, good-bye. Kristen.

Dear Kristen,

Thank you for the criticism and the kind words regarding romanticism. It is regretted that the story you refer to meant nothing. Happy wondering!

IN BETWEEN

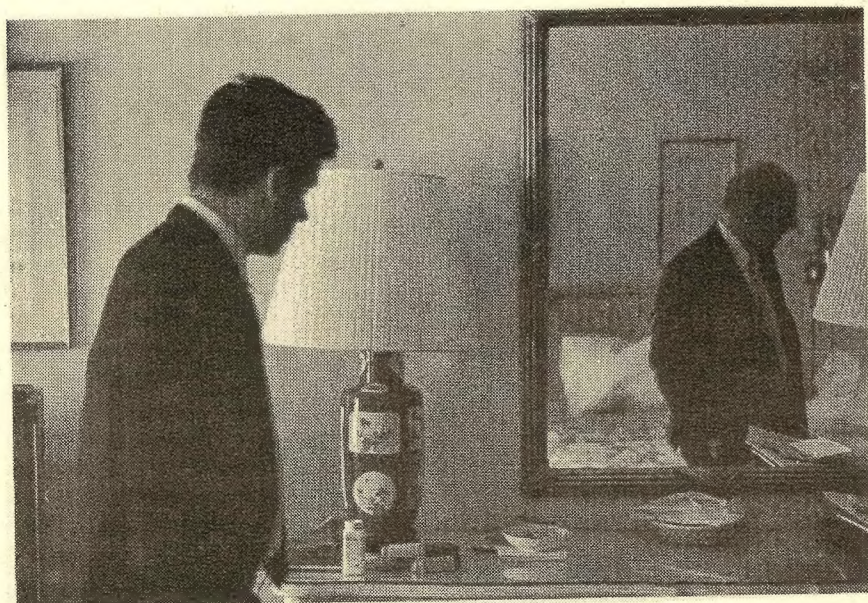
So, I think the lovely letter you've received, which I hope you won't print, was from a very loving/giving "O" in your life. . I am being sincere here so try to maintain a modicum of earnest listening! You are loved. I don't think you know that, nor do I think you are ready or willing to hear that, so I'll tell you anyway at the risk of sounding like a goddam sap -- God, you are so loved in the world that you're given everything you need -- ALWAYS-- you just don't know it -- and I can tell you all this 'cuz I am clueless about my own life - what better reason for forming opinions on someone else's, huh? And now that I've mentioned opinions . . .

Why do you have so many? What about the [American Repertory Company's] Hamlet or The Seagull? Did you love those performances? One actor or directors work in particular? Huh? Did you? How come we don't read about it? Huh? Why hang yourself up with Lydia Lunch or whoever (I won't continue) I just wonder what it is you do love and why it is we read about conflicts/ problems rather than that resolutions/ solutions? American pop culture is so loaded with aggravated, angst ridden, antagonistic, pseudo-subcultural heroes, who the hell has time? You know? I mean leave that nastiness to the likes of Camille [Paglia], who can gather her own cult gathering just on her ranting, which I guess some people (not just women) find, I don't know, refreshing, I guess, or empowering, I once heard. I find it dull, instigating, and who needs a fervor raised, you know? There's enough drama to go around, why create it, unless of course it's to be staged for an audience willing to sit through it, that's another story.

I don't know any longer why I began this letter - guess I care about you and I wonder about you - haven't you read Franny and Zooey? - at least the Zooey section on God at the end - I guess that's what I wonder most - not just about you - but about everything - I guess- I'm always guessing - but like -well- what am I saying? - I am the seagull, . . .NO THAT'S NOT IT-- where is God in all this? Anyhow?

Sincerely Yours
Laura Brown
East Longmeadow

Dear Laura,
Thank you for the kind words. Perkins Press has isolated this malfunction in our editorial spiritual policy, and, as such, has terminated publication. Good luck with the big "O".



JEFF O'CONNOR PHOTO

THESE MEN ARE WEARING PERKINS PRESS TEE SHIRTS UNDER THEIR SUITS IN AN UNAMED HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY. TRUE. DETAILS FOR SAME ARE AT HAND: \$5 TO 13 PERKINS AVE ETC.

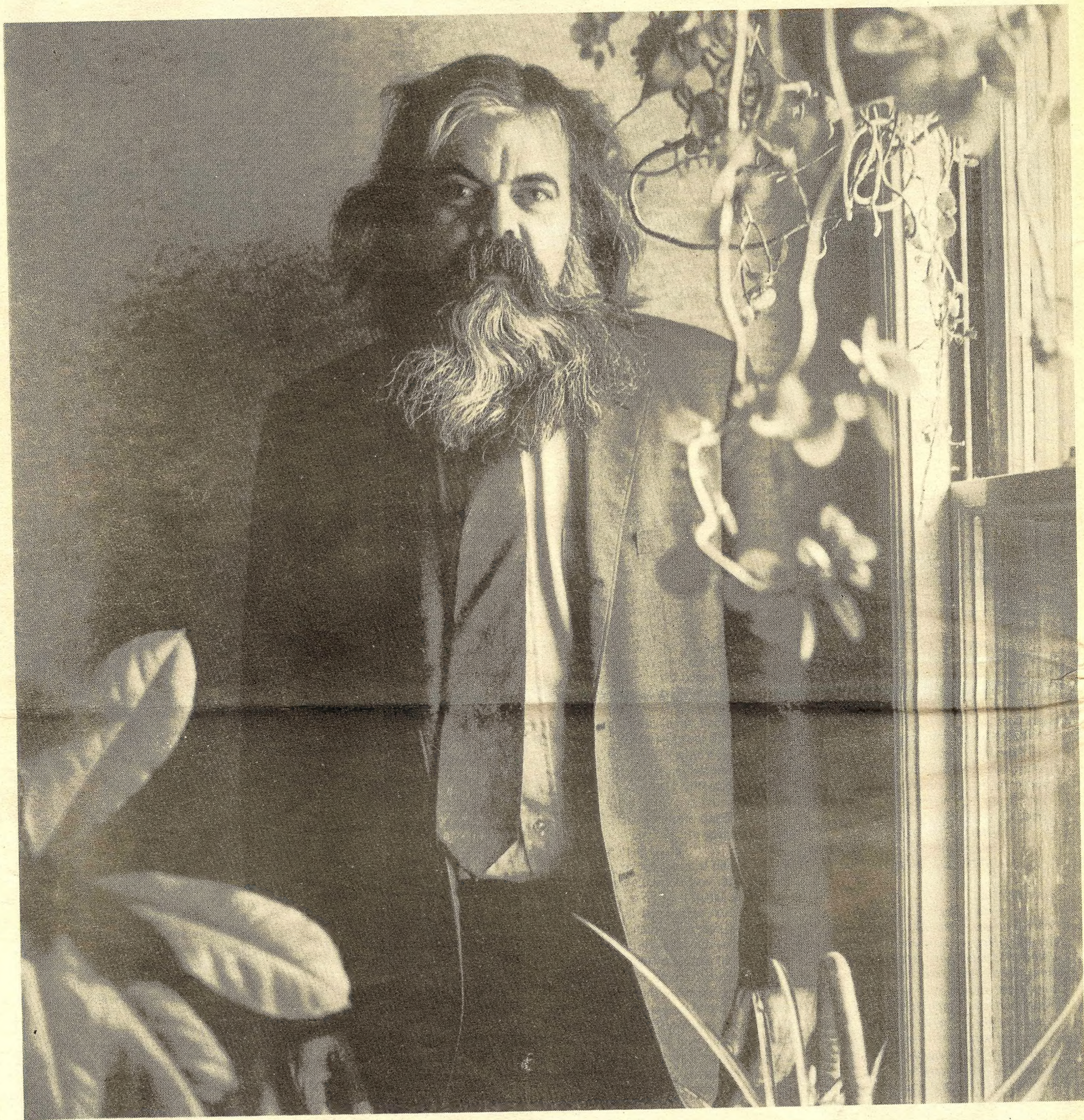


PHOTO BY THE VERY WONDERFUL DEB DONNELLEY

Could this be the last page of the last Perkins Press? Could it end on this note?